

THE RENEGADO,

A TRAGÆCOMEDIE.

As it hath beene often acted by the
Queenes Maiesties seruants, at
the priuate Play-house in
Drurye-Lane.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.



L O N D O N,
Printed by A. M. for Iohn Waterston,
and are to be sold at the Crowne in
Pauls Church-Yard. 1630.



Dramatis Personæ.

The Actors names.

ASAMBEG, *Viceroy of Tunis.*
MUSTAPHA, *Basha of Aleppo.*
VITELLI, *A Gentleman of*
Venice disguis'd.
FRANCISCO, *A Jesuite.*
ANTHONIO GRIMALDI *the*
Renegado.
CARAZIE *an Eunuch.*
GAZET *servant to Vitelli.*
AGA.
CAPIAGA.
MASTER.
BOTESVVAINÉ.
SAYLORS.
TAILOR.
3. TURKES.

John Blanye.
John Sumner.
Michael Bow
William Reignalds.
William Allen.
William Robins.
Edward Shakerley.

DONVSA, *neece to AMVRATH.*
PAVLINA, *Sister to Vitelli.*
MANTO, *servant to Donusa.*

Edward Rogers.
Theo. Bourne.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Smith, at the Crown in

and are to be sold at the Crown in

St. Pauls Church-Yard. 1630.

TO THE RIGHT HO-
NOVRABLE GEORGE HARDING,
Baron Barkley, of Barkley Castle,
and Knight of the Honourable
Order of the BATH.

My good Lord.

TO be Honoured for old Nobility,
or Hereditary Titles is not alone
proper to your Selfe, but to some
few of your rancke, who may chal-
lenge the like priuiledge with you :
but in our age to vouchsafe (as you
haue often done) a ready hand to rayse the
deiected spirits of the contemned Sonnes of
the Muses, Such as would not suffer the glo-
rious fire of Poetrie to be wholly extingui-
shed, is so remarkable, and peculiar to your
Lordship, that with a full vote, and suffrage
it is acknowledged, that the Patronage, and
Protection of the Dramatique Poem, is
yours, and almost without a riuall. I des-
payre not therefore, but that my ambition
to present my ~~traine~~ ^{traine} in this kinde, may in
your clemency meete with a gentle in-
pretation. Confirme it my good Lord.

The Epistle.

Your gracious acceptance of this trifle, in which if I were not confident there are some peeces worthy the perusall, it should haue beene taught an humbler flight, and the writer (Your Countrey-man) neuer yet made happy in your notice, and fauour, had not made this an aduocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly, and sincerely deuoted to your seruice. I may liue to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strayne, and till then comfort my selfe with hope, that you descend from your height to receiue.

Your Honours

Commanded Seruant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my Honourd Friend, Master PHILIP
MASSINGER, upon his RENEGADO.

DAbblers in *Poetry* that onely can,
Court this weake *Lady*, or that *Gentleman*,
with some loose witt in *rime*;
others that fright the *time*.

Into beliefe with mighty words, that teare
a Passage through the eare;
or *Nicer* men,

That through a *Perspectiue* wil see a *Play*,
and vse it the wrong way,
(not worth thy *Pen*)

Though all their *Pride* exalt 'em, cannot bee
Competent Iudges of thy *Lines* or *thee*.

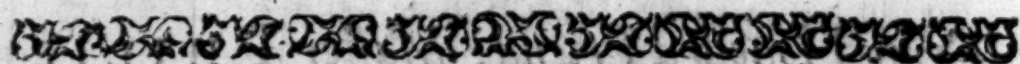
I must confesse I haue no *Publike* name
To rescue iudgement, no *Poeticke* flame
to dresse thy *Muse* with *Praise*,
and *Phœbus* his owne *Bayes*;

Yet I commend this *Poem*, and dare tell
the *World* I lik'd it well,
and if there bee

A *tribe*, who in their *Wisedomes* dare accuse,
this offspring of thy *Muse*,
let them agree,

Conspire one *Comedy*, and they will say
Tis easier to *Commend*, then make a *Play*.

JAMES SHIRLEY.



To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP
MASSENGER, on his Play, Call'd
the RENEGADO.

THE bosome of a friend cannot breath forth
A flattering phrase to speake the noble worth
Of him that hath lodg'd in his honest brest,
So large a title: I among the rest
That honour thee, doe onely seeme to prayse.
Wanting the flowers of Art, to decke that Bayes
(Merit has crown'd thy Temples with. Know friend
Though there are some who meerely doe commend
To live ith Worlds opinion such as can
Cen^{re} are with Iudgement, no such peece of Man,
Makes up my spirit, where desert doe's live,
There will I plant my wonder, and there giue
My best indeauours, to build up his story
That truely Merits. I did enue glory
To behold Vertue rich, though cruell Fate
In scornefull malice doe's beate low their state
That best deserue, when others that but know
Onely to scribble, and no more, of it grow
Greate in their fauours, that would seeme to bee
Patrons of Witt, and modest Poesie:
Yet With your abler Friends, let me say this
Many may strue to equall you, but misse
Of your fayre scope, this worke of yours men may
Throw in the face of enuy, and then say
To those that are in Great-mens thoughts more blest,
Imitate this, And call that worke your best.
Yet Wise-men, in this, and too often, erre
When they their loue before the worke preferre,
If I should say more, some may blame me for't
Seeing your merits speake you, not report.

DANIEL LAKYN.



THE RENEGADO.

The Scene *Tunis.*

Actus primus. Scenaprima.

Enter Vitelli and Gazer.

Vitelli.



On haue hirde a Shop then?

Gazer. Yes sir, and our wares

(Though brittle as a maydenhead at fix-
teene)

Are safe vnladen; not a Christall crackt,

Or China dish needs sodring; our choice

Pictures

As they came from the workeman, without blemish,

And I haue studied speeches for each Peere,

And in a thrifty tone to sell 'em off;

Will swear by *Mahomet*, and *Termagant*,

That this is Mistress to the great Duke of *Florence*,

That Neece to old King *Pippin*, and a third

An *Austrian* Princeesse by her Roman nose,

How ere my conscience tels me they are figures

Of Bawdes, and common Courtezans in *Venice*.

- B

Vit.

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How ere my conscience tels me they are figures
Of Bawdes, and common Courtezans in *Venice*.

B

Vit.

The Renegado.

Vitel. You make no scruple of an oath then?

Gaz. Fie sir

Tis out of my Indentures, I am bound there
To sweare for my Masters profit as securely
As your intelligencer must for his Prince,
That sendes him forth an honourable spie
To serue his purposes. And if it be lawfull
In a *Christian* shopkeeper to cheate his father,
I cannot find but to abuse a Turke
In the sale of our commodities, must bee thought
A meritorious worke.

Vitel. I wonder sirra
What's your Religion?

Gaz. Troth to answere truly
I would not be of one that should command mee
To feed vpon poore lohn, when I see Pheasants
And Partridges on the Table: nor doe I like
The other that allowes vs to eate flesh
In the Lent though it be rotten, rather then bee
Thought superstitious, as your zealous Cobler,
And learned butcher Preach at *Amsterdam*
Ouer a Hotchpotch. I would not be confin'd
In my beliefe, when all your Sects, and sectaries
Are growne of one opinion, if I like it
I will professe my selfe, in the meane time
Live in *England, Spaine, France, Rome, Gallia.*
I am of that Countreyes faith,

Vitel. And what in *Tunis*,
Will you turne Turke heere?

Gaz. No! so I should loose
A Collop of that part my Doll intoyn'd mee
To bring home as she left it, tis her venture,
Nor dare I barter that commoditie
Without her speciall warrant.

Vitel. You are a Knave sir,
Leaping your Roguerie thinke vpon my businesse,

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The Renegado.

It is no time to foole now
Remember where you are too ! though this Mart time,
Wee are allowde free trading, and with safetie.
Temper your tongue and meddle not with the Turkes,
Their manners, nor Religion.

Gaz. Take you heede fir
What colours you weare. Not two houres since there Lan-
An *English Pirats* Whore with a greene apron, (ded
And as she walk't the streets, one of their Mufties
Wee call them *Priests* at *Venice*, with a Razor
Cutts it of Petticoate, Smocke and all, and leanes her
As naked as my Nayle : the young *Frie* wondering
What strange beast it should be. I scap't a scouring
My Mistres Buskepoynt, of that forbidden coloure
Then tyde my codpeece, had it beene discover'd
I had beene caponde.

Vitel. And had beene well seru'd ;
Haste to the Shoppe and set my Wares in order
I will not long be absent ?

Gaz. Though I strue fir
To put of Melencholy, to which, you are euer
Too much inclinde, it shall not hinder me
With my best care to serue you

Exit Gazet.

Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I belecue thee.
O wellcome fir, stay of my steppes in this life,
And guide to all my blessed hopes heereafter.
What comforts fir ? haue your indeauours prosper'd ?
Haue wee tirde *Fortunes* malice with our sufferings ?
Is she at length after so many frownes
Pleas'd to vouchafe one cheerefull looke vpon vs ?

Fran. You giue too much to fortune, and your passions,
Ore which a wise man, if Religious, triumphs.
That name fooles worship, and those tyrants which
Wee arme against our better part, our reason,
May add, but neuer take from our afflictions :

The Renegado.

Vitelli. Sir as I am a sinfull man, I can not
But like one suffer.

Fran. I exacte not from you
A fortitude insensible of calamitie,
To which the Saint's themselves haue bowde and showne
They are made of flesh, and bloud, all that I challenge
Is manly patience. Will you that vvere train'd vp
In a Religious Schoole, where diuine maximes
Scorning comparision, vvith morall precepts
Were daily taught you, beare your constancies triall
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village nurse
With curses in your mouth: Teares in your eyes?
Hovv poorely it shoves in you?

Vi. I am School'd sir,
And will heereafter to my vtmost strength
Studie to bee my selfe.

Fran. So shall you find mee
Most ready to assist you; Neither haue I
Slept in your greate occasions since I left you
I haue beene at the Viceroyes Court and preide
As far as they allowe a *Christian* entrance.
And something I haue learn't that may concerne
The purpose of this iourney.

Vi. Deere Sir vvhat is it?

Fran. By the command of *Asambeg*, the Viceroy:
The Cittie swels vvith barbarous Pompe and Pride
For the entertainment of stout *Mustapha*
The *Basha* of *Aleppo*, vvho in person
Comes to receiue the neece of *Amurath*
The fayre *Donusa* for his bride.

Vitel. I find not
Hovv this may profit vs.

Fran. Pray you giue mee leaue.
Among the rest that vvayte vpon the Viceroy,
(Such as haue vnder him command in *Tunis*.)
Who as you haue often heard are all false *Pirats*,

The Renegado.

I savv the shame of *Venice* and the scorne
Of all good men : The periurde *Renegado*
Antono Grimaldy;

Vitel. Ha ! his name
Is poyson to mee.

Fran. Yet againe?

Vitel. I haue done sir.

Fran. This debauchde villaine: whom we euer thought,
(After his impious scorne done in Saint *Markes*
To me as I stood at the holy Altar)
The theefe that rauish't your fayre sister from you,
The vertuous *Paulina* not long since,
(As I am truely giuen to vnderstand)
Sold to the viceroy a fayre *Christian* Virgin,
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruell nature
Asambeg dotes extreameely.

Vitel. Tis my sister
It must be shee, my better *Angell* tells me
Tis poore *Paulina*. Farewell all disguises
Ile show in my reuenge that I am Noble.

Fran. You are not mad?

Vitel. No sir, my vertuous anger
Makes euery veyne an arterie, I feele in mee
The strength of twenty men, and being arm'd
With my good cause to wreake wrong'd innocence
I dare alone run to the viceroys Court
And with this Ponyard before his face.
Digge out *Grimaldies* heart.

Fran. Is this Religious?

Vitel. Would you haue me tame now ; Can I know
my sister

Mewde vp in his *Serraglio*, and in danger
Not alone to loose her honour, but her soule,
The hell-breed Villaine by too? that has sold both
To blacke destruction, and not haste to send him
To the Deuill his tutor? to be patient now,

The Renegado.

Werein another name to play the Pandor
To the Viceroyes loose embraces, and cry aime
While he by force, or flaterie compels her
To yeeld her fayre name vp to his foule lust,
And after turne *Apostata* to the faith
That she was breed in.

Fran. Doe but giue me hearing.
And you shall soone grant how ridiculous
This childish fury is. A wise man neuer
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easie
For any single arme to quell an Army,
As to effect your wishes; we come hither
To learne *Paulinas* faith, and to redeeme her,
(Leaue your reuenge to heauen) I oft haue told you
Of a Relique that I gaue her, which has power
(If we may credit holy mens traditions)
To keepe the owner free from violence:
This on her breast she weares, and does preserue
The vertue of it by her daily prayers.
So if she fall not by her owne consent
Which it were sinne to thinke: I feare no force.
Be therefore patient, keepe this borrowed shape
Till time and oportunitie present vs
With some fit meanes to see her, which perform'd,
Ile ioyne with you in any desperate course
For her deliury.

Vitel. You haue Charm'd me sir
And I obey in all things; Pray you pardon
The weakenesse of my passion.

Fran. And excuse it.
Be cheerefull man for know that good intents
Are in the end Crownd with as fayre euents.

Exunt.

Actus.

The Renegado.

Actus primus. Scena secunda.

Enter Donusa. Manto. Carazie.

Donusa. Have you seene the *Christian* Captive,
The great *Basha* is so enamourd of?

Manto. Yes an't please your Excellency
I tooke a full view of her, when shee vvas
Presented to him.

Donu. And is she su a wonder
As tis reported?

Mant. She was drown'd in teares then,
Which tooke much from her beautie, yet in spite
Of sorrow, shee appeard the Mistresse of
Most rare perfections; and though low of stature,
Her well proportion'd limbes inuite affection;
And when she speakes, each syllable is musique
That does inchaunt the hearers. But your Highnesse
That are not to be paralleld, I yet neuer
Beheld her equall.

Donusa. Come you flatter me,
But I forgive it, we that are borne great
Seldome distast our seruants, though they giue vs
More then wee can pretend too. I haue heard
That *Christian* Ladies liue with much more freedome
Then such as are borne heere. Our iealous *Turkes*
Neuer permit their faire wiues to be seene
But at the publique *Bannias*, or the *Mosques*
And euen then vayle, and garded. Thou *Carazie*
Wert borne in *England*, what's the custome there
Among your women? Come be free and merry
I am no seuerer Mistres, nor hast thou met with
A heauie bondage.

Car. Heauie? I was made lighter
By two stone waigh at least to be fit to serue you.

But

The Renegado.

But to your question Madame, women in England
For the most part liue like *Queenes*. Your Countrey Ladies
Haue libertie to haue, to hunt, to feast:
To giue free entertainment to all commers,
To talke, to kisse, there's no such thing knowne there
As an Italian girdle. Your *Cittie Dame*
Without leaue weares the breeches, has her husband
At as much command as her Prentice, and if need be
Can make him Cuckold by her *Fathers Coppie*.

Donusa. But your court Lady?

Car. She, I assure you Madame,
Knowes nothing but her will, must be allow'd
Her Foot-men, her Caroch, her Vihers, her Pages,
Her Doctor, Chaplines, and as I haue heard
They are growne of late so learn'd that they maintaine
A strange Position, which their Lords with all
Their witt cannot confute.

Donusa. What's that I prethee?

Car. Marry that it is not onely fit but lawfull,
Your Madame there, her much rest, and high feeding
Duely considered, should to ease her husband
Bee allow'd a priuate friend. They haue drawne a Bill
To this good purpose, and the next assembly
Doubt not to passe it.

Donu. Wee enioy no more
That are of the *Othoman* race, though our Religion
Allovv'es all pleasure. I am dull, some *Musique*
Take my *Chiapines* off. So, a lustie straine (a Galliard.
Who knockes there?

Manto. Tis the Basha of *Aleppo*
Who humbly makes request he may present
His seruice to you.

Donu. Reach a chaire. Wee must
Receiue him like our selfe, and not depart vvith
One peece of Ceremonie, State, and greatnesse
That may beget respect, and reverence

The Renegado. Act V

In one that's borne our Vassall. Now admit him:

Enter Mustapha, puts off his yellow Pantophles.

Musta. The place is sacred, and I am to Enter
The roome where she abides, with such deuotion
As Pilgrims pay at *Macha*, when they visit
The Tombe of our great Prophet.

Donn. Rise, the signe *(The Eunuch takes up the Pantophles.)*
That wee vouchsafe his presence.

Musta. May those Powers
That rais'd the *Othoman Empire*, and still gard it,
Reward your Highnesse for this gracious fauour
You throwe vpon your seruant. It hath pleasde
The most invincible, mightiest *Amurath*
(To speake his other titles would take from him)
That in himselfe does comprehend all greatnesse,
To make me the vnworthy instrument
Of his command. Receiue diuinest Lady *(Deliners a letter.)*
This letter sign'd by his victorious hand,
And made *Authenticke*, by the imperiall Seale.
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from you
To thinke it my ambition to presume
At such a happinesse, which his poverfull will
From his great minds magnificence, not my merit
Hath shew'd vpon mee. But if your consent
Ioyne with his good opinion and allowvance
To perfit vwhat his fauors haue begun,
I shall in my obsequiousnesse and dutie
Endeuour to preuent all iust complaints,
Which want of will to serue you, may call on mee.

Donn. His sacred Maiestie writes here that your valour
Against the *Persian* hath so vponne vpon him
That there's no grace, or honour in his guilt
Of which he can imagine you vnworthy.
And what's the greatest you can hope or aime at,
It is his pleasure you should be receiv'd
Into his Royall Familie. Provided

For

The Renegado.

For so far I am vnconfind, that I
Affect and like your person. I expect not
The Ceremonie which he vses in
Bestowing of his Daughters, and his neeces.
As that he should present you for my slaue,
To loue you, if you please me: or deliuer
A Ponyarde on my least dislike to kill you.
Such tyrannie and pride agree not with
My softer disposition. Let it suffice
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you. *Giues him*
Hereafter some time spent to make enquire *her hand to*
Of the good parts, and faculties of your mind *kisse*
You shall heare further from mee.

Mus. Though all torments
Really suffer'd, or in hell imaginde
By curious fiction, in one houres delay
Are wholly comprehended: I confesse
That I stand bound in dutie, not to checke at
What euer you command, or please to impose
For triall of my patience.

Donn. Let vs find
Some other subiect, too much of one Theme cloyes me:
Is't a full Mart.

Mus. A confluence of all nations
Are met together? There's varietie too
Of all that Marchants trafficque for.

Donn. I know not.
I feele a Virgins longing to descend
So far from mine owne greatnesse, as to be
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on
Their strange commodities.

Mus. If without a trayne
You dare be seene abroad? I'll dismiss mine.
And waite vpon you as a common man,
And satisfie your wishes.

Donn. I embrace it.
Prouide my vayle; and at the Posterne Gate

Conuey

The Renegado.

Conuey vs out vnscene : I trouble you.

Musla. It is my happynesse you daine to command me.

Exeunt.

Actus primus. Scena tertia.

A shop discoverde, Gazet in it.

Francisco, and Vitelli, walking by.

Gaz. What doe you lacke, your choyce *China* dishes,
your pure Venetian Christall, of all sorts, of all-neate and
new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the priuate
vtensile of her chamber-maide, and curious Pictures of
the rarest beauties of *Europa*: what doe you lacke Gentle-
men?

Fran. Take heed I say, how ere it may appeare
Impertinent, I must expresse my loue:
My aduise, and counsell. You are young
And may be tempted, and these Turkish Dames
Like English mastiues that increase their fiercenes
By being chaine vp, from the restraint of freedom:
If lust once fire their bloud from a faire object
Will runne a course the fiends themselues would shake at
To enioy their wanton endes.

Vitel. Sir, you mistake mee
I am too full of woe, to entertaine
One thought of pleasure: though all *Europas* *Queenes*
Kneel'd at my feete, and Courted me: much lesse
To mix with such; Whose difference of faith
Must of necessitie: (or I must grant
My selfe forgetfull of all you haue taught mee)
Strangle such base desires.

Fran. Be constant in
That resolution, I'le abroad againe,
And learne as far as it is possible

The Renegado.

What may concerne *Paulina*? Some two houres
Shall bring me backe. *Exit Francisco.*

Vi. All blessings vvaite vpon you.

Gaz. Cold doings, Sir, a Mart doe you call this? Slight
A pudding wife, or a Witch with a thrumbe Cappe
That sells Ale vnder grownd to such as come
To know their Fortunes, in a dead Vacation
Haue ten to one more stirring.

Vitel. Wee must be patient

Gaz. Your feller by retayle ought to be angry
But when hee's fingering money.

Enter Grimaldy, Master, Boatswaine, Saylor, Turkes.

Vi. Heere are company;
Defend me my good *Angell*, I behold
A *Basiliske*!

Gaz. What doe you lacke? what doe you lacke? pure
China dishes, cleere *Christall* glasses, a dumbe Mistres to
make loue too? What doe you lacke gentlemen?

Gri. Thy Mother for a Bayvde, or if thou hast
A handsome one thy sister for a Whore,
Without these doe not tell me of your trash
Or I shall spoyle your Market.

Vitel. — Old *Grimaldy*?

Gri. Zoundes wherefore doe wee put to Sea, or stand
The Raging windes aloft, or pisse vpon
The Fomie waues vwhen they rage most deride
The thunder of the enemies shot, boorde boldly
A Marchants shippe for prize, though we behold
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire
And blow the decke vp? Wherefore shake vve off
Those scrupulous ragges of charitie, and conscience,
Inuented onely to keepe Churchmen warme,
Or feede the hungry mouthes of famished beggers;
But vwhen we touch the shore to wallow in
All sensuall pleasures.

Master. I but Noble Captaine

To

The Renegado.

To spare a little for an after clappe
Were not improuidence.

Gri. Hang consideration :

When this is spent is not our shippe the same ?
Our courage too the same to fetch in more ?
The earth where it is fertillst returnes not
More then three haruests, vvhist the glorious Sunne
Posts through the *Zodiacke*, and makes vp the yeere :
But the Sea, vvwhich is our Mother, (that embraceth
Both the rich *Indies* in her outstreht armes)
Yeeldes euery day a croppe if vve dare reape it.
No, no my Mates, let Tradesmen thinke of thrift,
And Vsurers hoord vp, let our expence
Be as our commings in are vvithout bounds :
We are the *Neptunes* of the *Ocean*,
And such as traffique, shall pay sacrifice
Of their best lading ; Ile haue this Canuas
Your boy vveares linde vvith Tissue, and the cates
You taste, serude vp in gold ; though vve carouse
The teares of Orphanes in our *Greekish* vvines,
The sighes of vndone Widowes, paying for
The musique bought to cheere vs ; rauishde Virgins
To slauerie sold for Coyne to feede our riots,
We vvill haue no compunction.

Gaz. Doe you heare sir,

We haue payde for our Ground ?

Grim. Humh.

Gaz. And humh too,

For all your bigge vvords, get you further off,
And hinder not the prospect of our shoppe

Or——

Gri. What vvill you doe ?

Gaz. Nothing sir, but pray

Your worship to giue me hansell.

Gri. By the cares,

Thus sir, by the cares.

Master. Hold, hold.

The Renegado.

Vitel. You're still be prating.

Gri. Come let's be drunke? then each man to his whore,
Slight how doe you looke, you had best goe find a Corner
To pray in, and repent. Doe, doe, and crie
It will shew fine in *Pirats.* *Exit Grimaldi.*

Master. Wee must follow
Or he will spend our shares;

Boteswaine. I fought for mine.

Master. Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:
Wee will not sit out for our parts,

Bot. Agreed. *Exeunt Master, Boteswaine, Saylor.*

Gaz. The deuill gnaw off his fingers, if he were
In London among the clubs, vp went his heeles
For striking of a Prentice. What doe you lack,
What doe you lacke gentlemen.

1 Turke. I wonder how the Viceroy can indure
The insolence of this fellow.

2 Turke. He receiues profit
From the Prizes he brings in, and that excuses
What euer he commits? Ha, what are these?

Enter Mustapha, Donusa, vayld.

1 T. They seeme of ranke and qualitie, obserue 'em.

Gaz. What doe you lacke! see what you please to buy,
Wares of all sorts most honourable Madona.

Vitel. Peace sirra, make no noyse, these are not people
To be iested with.

Donu. Is this the *Christians* custome
In the venting their commodities.

Mus. Yes best Madame
But you may please to keepe your way, heere's nothing,
But toyes, and trifles, not worth your obseruing.

Donu. Yes, for varieties sake pray you shew vs, friends,
The chiefeest of your Wares.

Vitel. Your Ladiships seruant;
And if in worth or Title you are more,
My ignorance pleade my pardon.

Hec

The Renegado.

Donna. Hee speakes well.

Vitel. Take downe the looking glasse : here is a mirror
Steele so exactly, neither taking from
Nor flattering the object, it returns
To the beholder, that Narcissus might
(And neuer grow enamourd of himselfe :)
View his fayre feature in't.

Donna. Poeticall too !

Vitel. Heere *Chinadishes* to serue in a Banket,
Though the volouptus *Persian* sate a guest.
Heere Christall glasses, such as *Ganymede*
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer
When he dranke to *Alcides*, and receiu'd him
In the fellowship of the gods : true to the owners .
Corinthian plate studded with Diamonds,
Conceald oft deadly poyson ; This pure metall
So innocent is, and faithfull to the Mistres
Or Master that possesses it : that rather
Then hold one drop that's venomous, of it selfe
It flies in peces, and deludes the Traytor.

Donna. How mouingly could this fellow treat vpon
A worthy subiect, that findes such discourse
To grace a trifle !

Vitel. Heere's a Picture Madame
The master peece of *Michael Angelo*,
Our great *Italian* workeman ; heere's another
So perfit at all parts that had *Pigmalion*
Seene this, his prayers had beene made to *Venus*,
To haue giuen it life, and his Caru'd iuory Image
By poets nere remembred. They are indeed
The rarest beauties of the *Christian* world
And no where to be equal'd.

Donna. You are partiall
In the cause of those you fauour I beleene,
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your pardon Madame
I am incredulous.

Donna.

The Renegado.

Donn. Can you match me this! (*Unvail's her selfe.*)

Vitelli. What wonder looke I on! I'll search about
And suddenly attend you. (*Exit Vitelli.*)

Donn. Are you amaze
He bring you to your selfe. (*Breakes the glasses.*)

Musta. Ha! what's the matter!

Gaz. My masters ware? We are vndone! O strange!
A Lady to turne rorer, and breake glasses
Tis time to shut vp shop then.

Musta. You seeme mou'de.
If any Language of these *Christian* dogges
Haue call'd your anger on, in a frowne shew it
And they are dead already.

Donusa. The offence
Lookes not so farre. The foolish paultrie fellow
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me
For what I valew'd at so many aspers,
A thousand Duckets. I confesse he mou'd mee;
Yet I should wrong my selfe should such a begger
Receiue least losse from mee.

Mus. Is it no more?

Donn. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill
To morrow to the Palace and enquire
For one *Donusa*:

That word giues him passage through all the guard;
Say there he shall receiue full satisfaction.
Now when you please

Mus. I waite you. (*Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, 2. Turkes.*)

1 Turke. We must not know them, lets shift off & vanish.

Gaz. The swines Pox ouertake you, theres a curse
For a Turke that eates no Hogs flesh.

Vitel. Is she gone:

Gazet. Yes you may see her handy-worke.

Vitel. No matter.
Said she ought else?

Gaz. That you should wait vpon her
And there receiue Court payment, and to passe

The

The Renegado.

The guards, she bids you onely say you come
To one *Donusa*.

Vitel. How ! remoue the wares
Doe it without reply. The *Sultans* neece ?
I haue heard among the Turkes for any Lady
To shew her face bare, argues loue, or speakes
Her deadly hatred. What should I feare, my fortune
Is suncke so low : there cannot fall vpon mee
Ought worth my shunning. I will run the hazard :
She may be a meanes to free distres'd *Paulina*.
Or if offended, at the worst, to die
Is a full period to calamitie.

The end of the first act.

Actus Secundus Scena prima.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. In the name of wonder ! *Manto*, what hath my Ladie
Done with her selfe since yesterday.

Manto. I know not.

Malicious men report we are all guided
In our affections by a wandering Planet ?
But such a suddaine change in such a person,
May stand for an example to confirme
Their false assertion.

Car. Shee's now pettish, froward,
Musique, discourse, obseruance tedious to her.

Manto. She slept not the last night : and yet preuented
The rising Sun in being vp before him.
Call'd for a costly Bath, then willd the roomes
Should be perjum'd ; Ransackde her Cabinets
For her choyce, and richest Iewells : and appeares now
Like *Cynthia* in full glory, wayted on
By the fairest of the Stars.

Car. Can you guesse the reason,

D

Why

The Renegado.

Why the *Aga* of the *Ianizaries*, and he
That guards the entrance of the inmost port
Were call'd before her.

Manto. They are both her creatures,
And by her grace prefer'd, but I am ignorant
To what purpose they were sent for.

Enter Domisa.

Car. Heere shee comes.
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.
What a frowne was that!

Manto. Forbeare.

Car. I pittie her.

Donu. What Magicque hath transform'd me from my?
Where is my Virgin pride? How haue I lost
My boasted freedome? what new fire burnes vp
My scorched intrailles. What vnknowne desires
Inuade, and take possession of my soule;
All vertuous obiects vanish'd? Haue I stood
The shocke of fierce temptations, stoppe mine eares
Against all *Siren* notes lust euer sung,
To drawe my barke of chastitie (that with wonder
Hath kept, a constant, and an honourd course.)
Into the gulfe of a deserude ill fame?
Now fall unpittied? And in a moment
With mine owne hands digge vp a graue to burie
The monumentall heape of all my yeares,
Imployde in Noble actions? O my fate!
But there is no resisting. I obey thee
Imperious god of loue, and willingly
Put mine owne Fetters on, to grace thy triumph;
Twere therefore more then crueltie in thee
To vse me like a tyranne. What poore meanes
Must I make vse of now? And flatter such,
To vvhom, till I betrayde my libertie,
One gracious looke of mine, would haue erected
An altar to my seruice. How now *Manto*?

My

The Renegado.

My euer carefull woman, and *Caracis*
Thou hast beene faithfull too.

Car. I dare not call
My life mine owne since it is yours, but gladly
Will part with it : when ere you shall command mee ;
And thinke I fall a Martir, so my death
May giue life to your pleasures.

Manto. But vouchsafe
To let me vnderstand what you desire
Should be effected : I will vndertake it
And curse my selfe for Cowardice if I pause
To aske a reason why.

Donn. I am comforted,
In the tender of your seruice, but shall be
Confirm'd in my full ioyes, in the performance.
Yet trust me : I will not impose vpon you
But what you stand ingagde for, to a Mistres,
(Such as I haue beene to you) All I aske
Is faith, and secrecie.

Car. Say but you doubt me,
And to secure you I'll cut out my tongue
I am libde in the breach already.

Manto. Doe not hinder
Your selfe by these delayes.

Donusa. Thus then I Whisper
Mine owne shame to you. — O that I should blush
To speake what I so much desire to doe !
And further —

Manto. Is this all.

Donusa. Thinke it not base
Although I know the office vndergoes
A course construction.

Car. Course? 'tis but procuring
A smocke imploiment, which has made more Knights,
In a Countrie I could name, then twenty yeares
Of seruice in the field.

The Renegado.

Donu. You haue my ends.

Manto. Which say you haue arriv'de at, be not wanting
To your selfe, and feare not vs.

Car. I know my burthen
I'll beare it with delight,

Manto. Talkenot, but doe. *Exeunt Caraxio, Manto.*

Do. O Loue what poore shifts thou dost force vs too!
Exit Donusa.

Actus Secundus, Scena Secunda.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Ianizaries.

Aga. She was euer our good Mistres, and our maker,
And should we checke at a little hazard for her,
Wee were vnthankfull.

Capiaga. I dare pawn my head,
Tis some disguised Minion of the Court,
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learne from her
The Viceroy's actions.

Aga. That concernes not vs:
His fall may be our rise, what ere he bee
He passes through my guardes.

Cap. And mine, provided
Hee giue the word.

Enter Vitell.

Vitell. To saynt now being thus far,
Would argue mee of Cowardice.

Aga. Stand: the word.
Or being a Christian to presse thus far,
Forfeits thy life.

Vitell. *Donusa.*

Aga. Passe in peace. *Exeunt Aga, and Ianizaries.*

Vitell. What a priuledge her name beares.
Tis wonderous strange!

The

The Renegado.

(The Captaine of the *Ianizaries*,) If the great Officer
The guardian of the inner port denie not.

Cap. Thy warrant: Speake,
Or thou art dead.

Vitel. *Donusa.*

Capiaga. That protects thee, without feare, Enter.
So: discharge the watch. *Exit Vitelli, Capiaga.*

A Secundus Scena tertia.

Enter Carazic, Manto.

Car. Though he hath past the *Agua*, and chiefe Porter
This cannot be the man.

Manto. By her description I am sure it is.

Car. O women, women!
What are you? a great Lady dote vpon
A Haberdasher of small vvares!

Manto. Pish, thou hast none.

Car. No, if I had I might haue seru'd the turne:
This tis to want munition vvhen a man
Should make a breach and Enter. *Enter Vitelli.*

Manto. Sir, you are vvelcome:
Thinke what tis to be happy and possesse it.

Car. Perfume the Roomes there, and make way.
Let Musique with choyce notes entertaine the man,
The *Princesse* novv purposes to honour.

Vit. I am ramish'd:

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus Scena Quarta.

A Table set forth, Jewels and Bagges vpon it: loude Musick.
Enter Donusa, takes a chaire, to her Carazic, Vitelli, Manto.

Donusa, Sing ore the Dittie, that I last composde
D. 3 vpon:

The Renegado.

Vpon my Loue-sicke passions sute, your Voice
To the Musique thats plac'd yonder, we shall heare you
With more delight and pleasure.

Car. I obey you.

Song.

Vitel. Is not this *Tempe*, or the blessed shades,
Where innocent Spirits reside? Or doe I dreame,
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoeuer
It is a sight too glorious to behold.

For such a vvretch as I am.

Stands amazed.

Car. He is daunted.

Mant. Speake to him Madam, cheere him vp, or you
Destroy what you haue builded.

Car. Would I were furnish'd
With his artillerie, and if I stood
Gaping as he does, hang me.

Vit. That I might euer dreame thus.

kneeles.

Donn. Banish amazement,
You, wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor,
And to assure you that I am a substance
And no aëriall figure, thus I raise you.
Why doe you shake? My soft touch brings no Ague,
No biting frost is in this palme: Nor are
My lookes like to the Gorgons head, that turne
Men into Statues, rather they haue power
(Or I haue been abus'd) vvhere they bestow
Their influence (let me prooue it truth in you)
To glue to dead men motion.

Vitel. Can this be?

May I beleue my senses? Dare I thinke
I haue a memory? Or that you are
That excellent creature, that of late disdain'de not
To looke on my poore trifles.

Donn. I am shee.

Vitell. The owner of that blessed name *Donusa*,
Which like a potent charme, although pronounc'de
By my prophane, but much vnworthy tongue,
Hath

The Renegado.

Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,
Where Christian yet ne're trode.

Donn. I am the same.

Vitell. And to what end, great Lady pardon me,
That I presume to aske, did your command
Command me hither? or what am I? to vvhom
You should vouchsafe your fauours; nay, your angers?
If any wilde or vncollected speech
Offensiuely deliuer'd, or my doubt
Of your vnknowne perfections, haue displeasde you,
You wrong your indignation, to pronounce
Your selfe my sentence: to haue seene you onely,
And to haue touchde that fortune-making hand,
Will with delight waigh downe all tortures, that
A flinty hangmans rage could execute,
Or rigide tyranny command with pleasure.

Donn. How the aboundance of good flowing to thee,
Is vvrongde in this simplicitie: and these bounties
Which all our Easterne Kings haue kneeld in vaine for,
Doe by thy ignorance, or vvilfull feare,
Meete vvith a false construction. *Christian*, know
(For till thou art mine by a neerer name,
That title though abhord here, takes not from
Thy entertainment) that tis not the fashion
Among the greatest and the fairest Dames,
This Turkish Empire gladly owes, and bowes to:
To punish vvhere theres no offence, or nourish
Displeasures against those, vvithout whose mercie
They part vvith all felicity. Prethee be vvise,
And gently vnderstand mee; Doe not force her
That ne're knew ought but to command, not ere read
The elements of affection, but from such
As gladly sude to her, in the infancie
Of her new borne desires, to be at once
Importunate, and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know.

Great

The Renegado.

Great Lady your commands, or to what purpose
This personated passion tends, (since twere
A crime in mee deseruing death, to thinke
It is your owne : I should to make you sport
Take any shape you please to impose vpon me :
And with ioy strue to serue you.

Donn. Sport ? thou art cruell,
If that thou canst interpret my descent,
From my high byrth and greatnesse ? But to be
A part in which I truely acte my selfe.
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator
If it stirre not affection, and inuite
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught
By my example, to make satisfaction
For wrongs vniustly offer'd. Willingly
I doe confesse my fault ; I iniurd thee
In some poore pettie trifles ; Thus I pay for
The trespassse I did to thee. Here receiue
These baggs stufte full of our imperiall coyne,
Or if this payment be too light, take heere
These Iems for which the flauish *Indian* diue^s
To the bottome of the Maine ? Or if thou scorne
These as base droffe (which take but common minds)
But fancie any honour in my giift
(Which is vnbounded as the *Sultans* Power)
And bee possesse of't.

Vitel. I am ouerwhelm'd :
With the weight of happinesse you throwe vpon me.
Nor can it fall in my imagination,
What wrong I ere haue done you : and much lesse
How like a Royall Marchant to returne
Your great magnificence.

Donn. They are degrees,
Not ends of my intended fauors to thee.
These seeds of bountie I yet scatter on
A glebe I haue not tride, but be thou thankfull
The haruest is to come.

Fin.

The Renegado.

Vitel. What can be added
To that which I already haue recieu'd,
I cannot comprehend.

Donusa. The tender of
My selfe. Why dost thou start! and in that guift,
Full restitution of that Virgin freedome
Which thou hast rob'd mee of. Yet I professe
I so farre prize the louely theefe that stole it,
That were it possible thou couldest restore
What thou vnwittingly hast rauisht from me,
I should refuse the present.

Vitelli. How I shake
In my constant resolution! and my flesh
Rebellious to my better part now tells me,
As if it were a strong defence of frailtie.
A *Hermist* in a desert trenchd with prayers
Could not resist this batterie.

Donu. Thou an *Italian*?
Nay more I know't, a naturall *Venetian*,
Such as are Courtiers borne to please fayre Ladies,
Yet come thus slowly on?

Vitel. Excuse me Madame,
What imputation so ere the world
Is pleasde to lay vpon vs: in my selfe
I am so innocent that I know not what tis
That I should offer.

Donusa. By instinct I'll teach thee,
And with such ease as loue makes me to aske it.
When a young Lady wrings you by the hand thus,
Or with an amorous touch presses your foote
Lookes babies in your eyes, playes with your locks,
Doe not you find without a tutors helpe
What tis she lookes for.

Vitelli. I am growne already
Skilfull in the mysterie.

Donu. Or if thus she kisse you,
Then tast's your lips againe.

E

Un.

The Renegado.

Vitel. That latter blow
Has beate all chaste thoughts from me.

Donu. Say she poynts to
Some priuate roome, the Sunne beames neuer enters,
Prouoking dishes, passing by to heighten
Declined appetite, actiue Musicque vs hering
Your faynting steps, the wayters too as borne dumbe,
Not daring to looke on you. *Exit, inuiting him to follow.*

Vitelli. Though the Diuell
Stood by, and rorde, I follow: now I finde
That Vertue's but a word, and no sure garde
If set vpon by beauty, and reward.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Quinta.

Enter Aga. Capiaga, Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine, &c.

Aga. The Diuels in him I thinke.

Gri. Let him be damn'd too

Ile looke on him though he stard as wild as hell,
Nay Ile goe neere to tell him to his teeth
If he mends not suddenly, and prooues more thankefull,
We doe him too much seruice, were't not for shame now
I could turne honest and forswear my trade,
Which next to being trust vp at the maine yard
By some low cuntrey butterbox, I hate
As deadly as I doe fasting, or long grace
When meate cooles on the table.

Capi. But take heede,
You know his violent nature.

Gri. Let his Whores
And Catamites, know't, I vnderstand my selfe,
And how vnmanly tis to sit at home
And rayle at vs, that run abroad all hazards:
If euery weeke we bring not home new pillage,
For the fatting his Serraglio. *Enter Asambog, Mustapha.*
Aga.

The Renegado.

Aga. Heere he comes.

Capi. How terrible he lookes?

Gri. To such as feare him:

The viceroy *Asambeg* were he the Sultans selfe
He will let vs know a reason for his fury,
Or we must take leaue without his allowance
To be merry with our ignorance.

Asam. Mahomets hell

Light on you all, you chrouch, and cringe now, where
Was the terrour of my iust frownes, when you suffered
Those theeues of Malta, almost in our harbor
To board a ship, and beare her safely off,
While you stood idle lookers on?

Aga. The ods

In the men and shipping, and the suddainnesse
Of their departure yeelding vs no leasure
To send forth others to relieue our owne,
Deterd vs mighty Sir.

Asam. Deterde you cowards?

How durst you only entertaine the knowledge
Of vvhat feare vvas, but in the not performance
Of our command? in me great *Amurah* spake,
My voyce did eccho to your eares his thunder,
And wild you like so many Seaborne-Tritons,
Arm'd onely vvith the Trumpets of your courage,
To swimme vp to her, and like Remoras.
Hanging vpon her keele, to stay her flight
Till rescue sent from vs, had fetcht you off,
You thinke you are safe now; who durst but dispute it
Or make it questionable, if this moment
I charg'd you from yon hanging cliffe, that glassses
His rugged forehead in the neighbour lake,
To throw your selues downe headlong? or like fagots
To fill the ditches of defended Forts,
While on your backs we march'd vp to the breac

Gri. That vvould not I. *Asam.* Ha?

Gri. Yet I dare as much

The Renegado.

As any of the Sultans boldest sonnes,
(Whose heauen, and hell, hang on his frowne, or smile,)
His vvarlike Ianifaries.

Asam. Adde one syllable more
Thou doest pronounce vpon thy selfe a sentence
That earthquake-like vvill swallow the

Gri. Let it open,
Ile stand the hazard, those contemned theeues
Your fellow *Pirats* Sir, the bold Malteze
Whom with your looks you thinke to quell, at Rhodes
Laugh'de at great *Solymans* anger: and if treason
Had not deliuerde them into his power,
Hee had growne olde in glory as in yeeres.
At that so fatall siege, or risne with shame
His hopes, and threatres deluded.

Asambeg. Our great Prophet
How haue I lost my anger, and my Power:

Grima. Find it and vse it on thy flatterers:
And not vpon thy friends that dare speake truth,
These Knights of Malta but a handfull to
Your armies that drinke riuers vp, haue stood
Your furie at the height, and with their crosses
Strooke pale your horned moones; These men of Malta
Since I tooke pay from you, I haue met and fought with
Vpon aduantage too. Yet to speake truth
By the soule of honor, I haue euer found them
As prouident to direct, and bold to doe
As any trayade vp in your discipline:
Rauishde from other nations.

Mus. I perceiue
The lightning in his fierie lookes, the cloude
Is broke already.

Gri. Thinke not therefore sir,
That you alone are Giants, and such *Pigmies*
You war vpon.

Asam. Villaine Ile make thee know
Thou hast blasphemde the *Ottoman* power, and safer

The Renegado.

At noone day might haue giuen fire to St *Markes*
Your proud *Venetian* Temple. Ceize vpon him;
I am not so neere reconcild to him
To bid him die: that were a benefit
The dog's vnworthy off, to our vse confiscate
All that he stands possesse of: Let him tast
The miserie of want, and his vaine riots
Like to so many walking Ghosts affright him
Where ere he sets his desperate foote. Who is't
That does command you?

Grimal. Is this the reward
For all my seruice, and the rape I made
On fayre *Paulina*.

Asam. Drag him hence, he dies
That dallies but a minute.

Botes. What's become
Of our shares now Master.

*Grimaldi dragde off, his
head couered. Exeunt*

Must. Would he had been borne dumbe:
The beggers cure, patience is all that's left vs.

*Master and
Boatswaine.*

Maust. Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him
Let me preuaile so far. Fame giues him out
For a deseruing fellow.

Asam. At Aleppo
I durst not presse you so far, giue me leaue
To vse my owne will and command in Tunis
And if you please my priuacie.

Musta. I will see you
When this high wind's blowne ore.

Exit Mustapha.

Asam. So shall you find me
Ready to doe you seruice. Rage now leaue me
Sterne lookes, and all the ceremonious formes
Attending on dread Maiestie, flie from
Transformed *Asambeg*, why should I hug
So neere my hart, what leades me to my prison?
Where she that is inthralld commands her keeper,
And robs me of the fiercenesse I was borne with.
Stout men quake at my frownes, and in returne

*plucks out a
guilt key.*

The Renegado.

I tremble at her softnesse. Base *Grimaldi*
But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the charme
Had almost chok'd my fury ere I could
Pronounce his sentence. Would when first I saw her
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks
Of Mandrakes had made musicke to my slumbers,
For now I only walke a louing dreame
And but to my dishonour neuer vvake,
And yet am blind, but vvhen I see the obiekt,
And madly dote on it. Appeare bright sparke *opens a doore,*
Of all perfection : any si nile *Paulina discoverd*
Borrow'd from Diamonds, or the fayrest stars *comes forth.*
To helpe me to expresse, how deere I prize
The vnmatcht graces, vvill rise vp and chide me
For poore detraction.

Pau. I despise thy flatteries
Thus spit at 'em, and tcorne 'em, and being arm'd
In the assurance of my innocent vertue
I stampe vpon all doubts, all feares, all tortures
Thy barbarous cruelty, or vvhat's vvorse, thy dotage
(The vvorthy parent of thy iealousie)
Can showre vpon me.

Asam. If these bitter taunts
Rauish me from my selfe, and make me thinke
My greedy eares receiue Angelicall sounds,
How vvould this tongue tunde to a louing note
Inuade, and take possession of my soule
Which then I durst not call mine owne.

Pau. Thou art false,
Falsar then thy religion. Doe but thinke me
Something aboue a beast ; nay more, a monster,
Would fright the Sun to looke on, and then tell me
If this base vsage, can inuite affection ?
If to be mewde vp, and excluded from
Humane society ; the vse of pleasures ;
The necessary, not superfluous duties

Of

The Renegado.

Of seruants to discharge those offices,
I blush to name.

Asam. Of seruants? can you thinke
That I, that dare not trust the eie of Heauen
To looke vpon your beauties, that denie
My selfe the happenesse to touch your purenesse
Will ere consent an Eunuch, or bought handmaid
Shall once approach you? there is something in you
That can worke Miracles, or I am confende,
Dispose and alter sexes. To my vvrong
In spite of nature: I will be your nurse,
Your woman, your physitian, and your foole,
Till with your free consent, which I haue vowde
Neuer to force, you grace me with a name
That shall supplie all these.

Paul. What is't?

Asa. Your husband.

Paul. My hangman when thou pleasest.

Asam. Thus I garde me,
Against your further angers.

Paul. Which shall reach thee
Though I were in the Center.

*Puts to the doore
and lockes it.*

Asam. Such a spirit
In such a small proportion I nere reade of
Which time must alter, rauish her I dare not
The magique that she weares about her necke,
I thinke defends her, this deuotion payde
To this sweete Saint, mistresse of my sower payne
Tis fit I take mine owne rough shape againe.

*Exit A-
sam beg.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Sexta.

Enter Franciso, Gazet.

Fran. I thinke hee's lost.

Gazet. Tis tento one of that,

The Renegado.

I nere knew Cittizen turne Courtier yet,
But he lost his credit, though he sau'd himselfe
Why, looke you sir, there are so many lobbies,
Out offices, and disputations heere
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Fran. I am troublede *Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto,*
Troublede exceedingly. Ha! vvhat are these?

Gaz. One by his rich sute should bee some french Em-
For his trayne I thinke they are Turkes. (bassador

Fran. Peace, be not ferne.

Caraz. You are now past all the gards, and vndiscouerd
You may returne.

Vitel. There's for your paynes, forget not
My humblest seruice to the best of Ladies.

Manto. Deserue her fauour sir, in making haste
For a second entertainment.

Vitel. Doe not doubt me, *Exeunt Carazi, Manto.*
I shall not liue till then.

Gaz. The trayne is vanish'd
They haue done him some good office hee's so free
And liberall of his gold. Ha, doe I dreame,
Or is this mine owne naturall Master;

Fran. Tis he,
But strangely metamorphosde. You haue made sir.
A prosperous voyage, heauen grant it be honest,
I shall reioyce then too.

Gaz. You make him blush
To talke of honesty, you were but now
In the giuing vaine, and may thinke of *Gazet*
Your worships prentice.

Vitel. There's gold, be thou free too
And Master of my shop, and all the wares
Wee brought from Venice.

Gaz. Riue then.

Vitel. Deere sir

This place affords not priuacie for discourse

But

The Renegado.

But I can tell you wonders, my rich habit
Deserues least admiration ; thers nothing
That can fall in the compasse of your wishes
Though it were to redeeme a thousand slaues
From the Turkish gallies, or at home to erect
Some pious worke, to shame all Hospitalls,
But I am master of the meanes.

Fran. Tis strange.

Vitel. As I vvalke Ile tell you more.

Gaz. Pray you a word Sir,
And then I will put on. I haue one boone more.

Vitel. What is't? speake freely.

Gaz. Thus then, as I am Master (sing
Of your Shop, and vwares, pray you help me to some truck-
With your last shee customer, though shee cracke my best
I vwill indure it with patience. (peece

Vitel. Leauē your prating.

Gaz. I may, you haue beene doing, we will doe too.

Fran. I am amaze, yet will nor blame, nor chide you,
Till you informe me further. Yet must say
They steere not the right course, nor trafficke well,
That seeke a passage to reach Heauen, through Hell.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Donusa, Manto.

Donusa. When said he, he vvould come againe?

Manto. He swore,
Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him,
Vntill the tender of his second seruice,
So much he seemde transported with the first.

Donn. I am sure I was. I charge thee *Manto* tell me
By all my fauors, and my bounties truly

F

Whether

The Renegado.

Whether thou art a Virgin, or like me
Hast forfeited that name.

Manto. A Virgine Madame?
At my yeeres being a wayting-woman, and in Court to?
That were miraculous. I so long since lost
That barren burthen, I almost forget
That euer I was one.

Donn. And could thy friends
Reade in thy face, thy mardenhead gone, that thou
Hadst parted with it?

Manto. Noe indeed. I past
For currant many yeeres after, till by fortune,
Long and continewed practise in the sport
Blew vp my decke, a husband then was found out
By my indulgent father, and to the world
All was made whole againe. What neede you feare then
That at your pleasure may repayre your honour
Durst any enuious, or malicious tongue,
Presume to taint it?

Donn. How now?

Enter Carazie.

Cara. Madam, the Basha
Humbly desires acceffe.

Donn. If it had beene
My neate Italian, thou hadst met my vvishes.
Tell him we would be priuate.

Cara. So I did,
But he is much importunate.

Manto. Best dispatch him
His lingring heere else will deter the other,
From making his approch.

Donn. His entertainment
Shall not inuite a second visit, goe
Say we are please.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. All happinesse.

Donn. Bee suddaine

T'was

The Renegado.

T'was sawcie rudenesse in you sir to presse
On my retirements, but ridiculous folly
To vvaist the time that might be better spent
In complementall vvishes.

Cara. There's a coolling
For his hot encounter.

Donn. Come you heere to stare?
If you haue lost your tongue, and vie of speech,
Resigne your gouernment, there's a mutes place voyde
In my vnles Court I heare, and you may worke me
To vvrite for your preferment.

Musta. This is strange!
I know not Madam, what neglect of mine
Has calde this scorne vpon me.

Donn. To the purpose
My will's a reason, and we stand not bound
To yeeld account to you.

Must. Not of your angers,
But with erected eares I should heare from you
The story of your good opinion of me
Confirmde by loue, and fauours.

Donn. How deseru'd?
I haue consider'd you from head to foote,
And can find nothing in that waynescote face,
That can teach me to dote, nor am I taken
With your grimme aspect, or toadepoole-like complexion,
Those scarres you glorie in, I feare to looke on;
And had much rather heare a merrie tale
Then all your battayles wonne with blood and sweate,
Though you belch forth the stincke too, in the seruice,
And sweare by your Mastachios all is true.
You are yet too rough for me, purge and take phyficke,
Purchase perfumers, get me some French taylor,
To new create you; the first shape you were made with
Is quite worne out, let your barbar wash your face too,
You looke yet like a bugbeare to fright children,

The Renegado.

Till when I take my leaue, wayte me *Caraxie.* *Exeunt*

Must. Stay you my Ladies Cabinet key. *Down. Car.*

Manto. How's this sir?

Must. Stay and stand quietly, or you shall fall else,
Not to firke your belly vp flounder like, but neuer
To rise againe. Offer but to vnlocke
These dores that stop your fugitiue tongue (obserue me)
And by my fury, I'll fixe there this bolte
To barre thy speech for euer. So, be safe now
And but resolu me, not of what I doubt
But bring assurance to a thing beleeu'd,
Thou mak'st thy selfe a fortune, not depending
On the vncertaine fauours of a Mistresse,
But art thy selfe one. I'll not so far question
My iudgement, and obseruance, as to aske
Why I am slighted, and contemnde, but in
Whose fauour it is done. I that haue read
The copious volumes of all womens falsehood,
Commented on by the heart breaking groanes
Of abusive louers, all the doubts washe off
With fruitlesse teares, the Spiders cobweb vayle
Of arguments, alleadge in their defence,
Blowne off with sighs of desperate men, and they
Appearing in their full deformitie:
Know that some other hath displanted me,
With her dishonor. Has she giuen it vp?
Confirm it in two sillables?

Manto. She has.

Musta. I cherish thy confession thus, and thus, *giues*
Bee mine, againe I court thee thus, and thus *her iewels.*
Now prooue but constant to my ends.

Manto. By all —

Must. Enough, I dare not doubt thee. O land Corco-
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women!
But tis no time to rayle: come my best *Manto.* *Exeunt*

Adm.

The Renegado.

Actus tertius, Scena Secunda.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Vitel Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound
Not to reueale what euer I discouer
In that Religious way : nor dare I doubt you.
Let it suffice, you haue made me see my follies,
And wrought perhaps compunction ; For I would not
Appeare an *Hypocrite*. But when you impose
A penance on me, beyond flesh, and blood
To vndergoe : you must instructe me how
To put off the condition of a man :
Or if not pardon, at the least, excuse
My disobedience. Yet despayre not sir,
For though I take mine owne way, I shall doe
Someth ing that may hereafter to my glory,
Speake me your Scholler.

Fran. I inioyne you not
To goe, but send.

Vitel. That were a pettie triall
Not worth one so long taught, and exercise
Vnder so graue a master. Reuerende *Francisco*
My friend, my father, in that word, my all ;
Rest confident, you shall heare some thing of mee
That will redeeme me in your good opinion,
Or iudge me lost for euer. Send *Gazel*
(Shee shall giue order that hee may haue enterance)
To acquaint you with my fortunes. *Exit Vitelli.*

Fran. Goe and prosper,
Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee. Howsoeuer
As my endcauours are, so may they find
Gracious acceptance.

Enter Gazel, Grimaldi, in raggs.

Gaz. Now you doe not rore sir

The Renegado.

You speake not tempests, nor take care-rent from
A poore shopkeeper. Doe you remember that sir,
I vveare your marks heere still.

Fran. Can this be possible?
All vvonders are not ceas'd then.

Grimal. Doe, abuse me,
Spit on me, spurne me, pull me by the nose,
Thrust out these fiery eies, that yesterday
Would haue lookde thee dead.

Graz. O saue me sir.

G i. Feare nothing,
I am tame, and quiet, there's noe vvrong can force me
To remember vvhat I vvvas. I haue forgot,
I ere had irefull fiercenesse, a steelde heart,
Intensible of compassion to others,
Nor is it fit that I should thinke my selfe
Worth mine owne pittie, Oh.

Fran. Growes this deiection,
From his disgrace doe you say?

Gaz. Why hees cas herde sir,
His ships, his goods, his liuery-puncks confiscate,
And there is such a punishment laid vpon him,
The miserable rogue must steale no more,
Nor drinke, nor drab.

Fran. Does that torment him?

Gazet. O Sir!
Should the State take order to bar men of acres,
From those two laudable recreations,
Drinking, and vvhoring, how should Panders purchase,
Or thrifty Whores build Hospitals? And if I
That since I am made free, may write my selfe,
A Citty gallant, should forfeit two such charters
I should be ston'd to death, and nere be pittied,
By the liueries of those companies.

Fran. You'll be whip'd sir,
If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the Palace
Your Master lookes for you.

Gaz. My quondam Master,

Rich

The Renegado.

Rich sonnes forget they euer had poore fathers;
In seruants tis more pardonable; as a companion,
Or so, I may consent, but is there hope sir,
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you write
A word or two in my behalfe.

Fran. Out rascall.

Gaz. I feele some insurrections.

Fran. Hence.

Gaz. I vanish.

Exit Gazet.

Gri. Why should I study a defence, or comfort?
In whom blacke guilt, and misery is ballanc'd,
I know not which would turne the scale, looke vpward
I dare not, for should it but be beleeu'd,
That I (dide deepe in hells most horrid colours,)
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leaue
No checke or feeling, in men innocent
To catch at sinnes, the diuell nere taught mankind yet,
No, I must downward, downward, though repentance
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,
My mountainous waight of sins, would cracke their pini-
And sincke them to hell with me. (ons,

Fran. Dreadfull! heare me,
Thou miserable man.

Grima. Good sir deny not,
But that there is no punishment beyond
Damnation.

Enter Master, Boteswaine.

Master. Yonder he is, I pittie him.

Botes. Take comfort Captaine, we liue still to serue you.

Gri. Serue me? I am a diuell already, leaue me,
Stand further off, you are blasted else, I haue heard
Schoolemen affirme mans body is compos'd
Of the foure elements, and as in league together
They nourish life; So each of them affords
Liberty to the soule, when it growes wearie
Of this fleshie prison. Which shall I make choice of?
The fire? no (I shall feele that heereafter)
The earth will not receiue me. Should some whirlwind

Snatch

The Renegado.

Snatch me into the ayre : and I hang there,
Perpetuall plagues would dwell vpon the earth.
And those superior bodies that powre downe
Their cheerefull influence denie to passe it,
Through those vast regions I haue infected.
The (Sea) I that is iustice there, I ploude vp
Mischiefe as deepe as Hell there : there I'll hide
Th is cursed lumpe of clay may it turne Rocks
Where plummetts weight could neuer reach the sands.
And grinde the ribs of all such barks as presse
The *Oceans* breast in my vnlawfull course.
I haste then to thee, let thy rauinous wombe
Whom all things else denie, be now my tombe. *Exit Gri.*

Master. Follow him and restraine him.

Fran. Let this stand

For an example to you. I'll prouide
A lodging for him, and apply such cures
To his wounded conscience, as heauen hath lent mee.
Hee's now my second care : and my profession
Bindes me to teach the desperate to repent
As farre as to confirme the innocent. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scæna tertia.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asambeg. Your pleasure,

Mus. I'll exact your priuate care,
And when you haue receiue it, you will thinke
Too many know it. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*

Asambeg. Leau the roome, but bee
Within our call. Now sir, what burning secret brings you
(With which it seemes you are turnde Cynders)
To quench in my aduise, or power ?

Mustapha. The fire
Will rather reach you.

Asam.

The Renegado.

Asam. Mee?

Musta. And consume both,
For tis impossible to be put out
But with the blood of those that kindle it:
And yet one viall of it is so pretious,
It being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* spring,
That better tis I thinke, both vve should perish
Then proue the desperate meanes, that must restraine it,
From spreading further.

Asam. To the poynte, and quickly.
These vvinding circumstances in relations
Seldome enuiron truth.

Musta. Truth *Asambeg*?

Asam. Truth *Mustapha*. I sayd it, and adde more
You touch vpon a string that to my eare,
Do's sound *Donusa*.

Musta. You then vnderstand
Who tis I aime at.

Asam. Take heed *Mustapha*,
Remember what she is, and whose we are;
Tis her neglect perhaps, that you complaine of,
And should you practise to reuenge her scorne,
With any plot to taynt her in her honor,

Musta. Heare mee.

Asam. I will be heard first, there's no tongue
A subiect owes, that shall out thunder mine.

Musta. Well take your way.

Asam. I then againe repeate it
If *Mustapha* dares with malicious breath
(On iealous suppositions) presume
To blast the blossome of *Donusas* Fame
Because he is denide a happinesse
Which men of equall, nay of more desert,
Haue su'd in vaine for.

Musta. More?

Asam. More. Twas I spake it,
The Basha of *Natolia* and my selfe

The Renegado.

Were Riuals for her, either of vs brought
More Victories, more Trophies, to pleade for vs
To our great Master, then you dare lay claime to,
Yet still by his allowance she was left
To her election, each of vs ow'd nature
As much for outward forme, and inward vvorth
To make vvay for vs to her grace and fauour,
As you brought with you. We vv ere heard, repuls'd
Yet thought it no dishonour to sit downe,
With the disgrace; if not to force affection,
May merit such a name.

Musta. Haue you done yet?

Afa. Be therfore more then sure the ground on which
You rayse your accusation, may admit
No vvndermining of defence in her,
For if with pregnant and apparent proofes
Such as may force a iudge, more then inclin'd
Or partiall in her cause to sweare her guilty;
You win not me to set off your beleefe,
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites
Of sacred hospitality (to which
I would not offer violence) shall protect you:
Now vvhen you please.

Must. I will not dwell vpon
Much circumstance, yet cannot but professe
With the assurance of a loyalty,
Equall to yours, the reuerence I owe,
The Sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;
That there is not a veyne of mine vv which yet is
Vnemptied in his seruice, but this moment
Should freely open, so it might vvash off
The staynes of her dishonor, could you thinke?
Or though you saw it credit your owne eyes?
That she, the wonder and amazement of
Her sex, the pride, and glory of the empire,
That hath disdain'd you, sleighted me, and boasted
A frozen coldnesse which no appetite,

Or

The Renegado.

Or height of blood could thaw, should now so far
Be hurried vwith the violence of her lust,
As in it burying her high birth and fame,
Basely descend to fill a Christians armes
And to him yeeld her Virgin honour vp,
Nay sue to him to take't.

Asam. A Christian?

Must. Temper

Your admiration: and vwhat Christian thinke you?
No Prince disguis'd; no man of marke, nor honour,
No daring vndertaker in our seruice,
But one vwhose lips her foote should scorne to touch,
A poore Mechanicke-Pedler.

Asam. Hee?

Must. Nay more,

Whom doe you thinke she made her scout, nay baude,
To finde him out but me? What place makes choyce of
To wallow in her foule and lothsome pleasures,
But in the pallace? Who the instruments
Of close conueyance, but the captaine of
Your gard the *Aga*, and that man of trust
The warden of the inmost port? I'll proue this,
And though I fayle to shew her in the act,
Glew'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion,
Your incredulity shall be conuinc'd
With proofes I blush to thinke on.

Asam. Neuer yet,

This flesh felt such a feuer, by the life
And fortune of great *Amurrah*, should our prophet
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speake this,
T'would make me doubtfull of my faith: leade on,
And when my eies, and eares, are like yours, guilty,
My rage shall then appeare, for I will doe
Something; but what, I am not yet determin'd.

Exeunt.

G 2

Asam.

The Renegado.

Actus Tertius, Scena Quarta.

Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.

Carazie. They are priuate to their wishes,

Mant. Doubt it not.

Gaz. A prettie structure this! a court doe you call it?
Valted and arch'd: O heere has beene old iumbling
Behind this arras.

Car. Prethee let's haue some sport,
With this fresh Codshead.

Manto. I am out of tune,
But doe as you please. My conscience: tush the hope
Of liberty throwes that burthen off,
I must goe watch, and make discouery. *Exit.*

Cara. He's musing,
And vvill talke to himselfe, he cannot hold,
The poore foole's rauish'd.

Gazet. I am in my masters clothes,
They fit me to a hayre too, let but any
Indifferent gamester measure vs inch, by inch,
Or vvaigh vs by the standard, I may passe
I haue beene prou'd, and prou'd againe, true mettall.

Car. How he suruayes himselfe.

Gaz. I haue heard that some
Haue fool'd themselves at Court into good fortunes,
That neuer hop'd to thriue by wit in the City,
Or honesty in the Countrey. If I doe not.
Make the best laugh at me. He weepe for my selfe,
If they giue me hearing. Tis resolu'd I'll trie
What may be done. By your fauour sir, I pray you
Were you borne a Courtier?

Cara. No sir, vvhy doe you aske?

Gaz. Because I thought that none could be preferd,

But

The Renegado.

But such as were begot there.

Car. O sir! many, and how soere you are a Citizen borne,
Yet if your mother vvere a handsome vvoman,
And euer long'd to see a Maske at Court,
It is an euen lay but that you had
A Courtier to your Father; and I thinke so;
You beare your selfe so sprightly.

Gaz. It may be,
But pray you sir, had I such an itch vpon me
To change my coppy, is there hope a place
May be had heere for money?

Car. Not without it
That I dare vvarrant you.

Gaz. I haue a pretty stocke,
And vvould not haue my good parts vndiscouer'd,
What places of credit are there?

Car. There's your Beglerbeg.

Gaz. By no meanes that, it comes to neere the begger
And most prooue so that come there.

Car. Or your Sanzacke.

Gaz. Sauf-iacke fie none of that.

Car. Your Chiaus.

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chiefe Gardiner.

Gaz. Out vpon't,

Twill put me mind my Mother was an herb-woman,
What is your place I pray you?

Car. Sir an Euenuch.

Gaz. An Euenuch! very fine, I faith, an Euenuch!
And what are your employments? neate and easie.

Car. In the day I waite on my Lady when she eates,
Carry her pantophles, beare vp her trayne
Sing her asleepe at night, and when she pleases
I am her bedfellow.

Gaz. How? her bedfellow,
And lye with her?

Car. Yes, and lye with her.

The Renegado.

Gaz. O rare!

Ile be an Eunuch, though I sell my shop for't
And all my wares.

Car. It is but parting with
A precious stone or two. I know the price on't.

Gaz. Ile part with all my stones, and ywhen I am
An Eunuch, Ile so tosse and towse the Ladies;
Pray you helpe me to a chapman.

Car. The court Surgion
Shall doe you that fauour.

Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch!

Enter Manto.

Manto. Carazie, quit the roome.

Car. Come sir, wee'll treat of
Your businesse further.

Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch!

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Enter Donusa, Vitelli.

Vitelli. Leauē me, or I am lost againe, no prayers,
No penitence, can redeeme me.

Donusa. Am I growne
Olde, or deform'd since yesterday?

Vitel. You are still,
Although the sating of your lust hath sullied
The immaculate whitenesse of your Virgin beauties,
Too fayre for me to looke on. And though purenesse,
The sword with which you euer fought, and conquer'd,
Is rauish'd from you by vnchaste desires,
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,
Though iron grates were interpos'd betweene vs,
To warrant me from treason.

Donusa. Whom doe you feare?

Vitel. That humane frailty I took from my mother,

That

The Renegado.

That, as my youth increas'd, grew stronger on me,
That still pursues me, and though once recover'd
In scorn of reason, and what's more, religion,
A gaine seekes to betray me.

Donusa. If you meane sir,
To my embraces, you turne rebell to
The lawes of nature, the great Queene, and Mother
Of all productions, and denie allegiance.
Where you stand bound to pay it.

Vitel. I will stoppe
Mine eares against these charmes, which if *Vlysses*
Could liue againe, and he are this second Siren,
Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too
Fasten'd with all her Anchors, this enchantment
Would force him in despite of all resistance,
To leape into the Sea, and follow her,
Although destruction with outstretch'd armes,
Stood ready to receaue him.

Donusa. Gentle sir,
Though you deny to heare me, yet vouchsafe
To looke vpon me. Though I vse no language
The grieve for this vnkind repulse, will print
Such a dumbe eloquence vpon my face,
As will not onely pleade, but preuaile for me.

Vitelli. I am a cowar'd, I will see and heere you,
The triall else is nothing, Nor the conquest,
My temperance shall crowne me with heereafter,
Worthy to be remembred. Vp my vertue
And holy thoughts, and resolutions arme me,
Against this fierce temptation; giue me voyce
Tun'd to a zealous anger to expresse
At what an oueralue I haue purchas'd,
The vvanton treasure of your Virgin bounties,
That in their false fruition heape vpon me
Despayre, and horror; that I could with that ease
Redeeme my forfeit innocence, or cast vp
The poyson I receiu'd into my entrayles,

From

The Renegado.

From the alluring cup of your inticements
As now I doe deliuer backe the price, *returmes the Casket.*
And salarie of your lust: or thus vnclouth me
Of sins gay trappings, (the proud livery *Throwes off his*
Of wicked pleasure) which but worn, and heated *cloke and*
With the fire of entertaynement, and consent, *doublers.*
Like to *Alcides* fatall shirt, teares off
Our flesh, and reputation both together,
Leauing our vicerous follies bare, and open,
To all malicious censure.

Donn. You must grant,
If you hold that a losse to you, mine equals,
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted
That poyson as you call it, I brought with me
A palat vnacquainted with the rellish
Of those delights which most (as I haue heard)
Greedily swallow; and then the offence
(If my opinion may be beleu'd)
Is not so greate: how ere, the wrong no more
Then if *Hippolitus* and the Virgin Huntresse,
Should meere and kisse together.

Vitel. What defences
Can lust rayse to maintaine a precipice *Asambeg and*
To the Abisse of loosenes? but affords not *Musta. alone*
The least stayre, or the fastening of one foote,
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.

Musta. By *Mahomet* she courts him.

Asam. Nay kneeles to him;
Obserue the scornefull villaine turnes away too,
As glorying in his conquest.

Donn. Are you Marble? *kneeles*
If Christians haue mothers, sure they share in
The tigresse fiercenesse, for if you were owner
Of humane pittie, you could not indure
A Princes to kneele to you, or looke on
These falling teares which hardest rocks would soften,
And yet remaine vnmou'd. Did you but giue me

The Renegado.

A taste of happinesse in your embraces
That the remembrance of the sweetenesse of it
Might leaue perpetuall bitternes behind it?
Or shew'd me vvhhat it vvas to be a vvife,
To liue a vvindow euer?

Asam. She has confest it; *Enter Capiaga, Aga,*
Ceise on him villaines. O the furies. *With others.*

Donusa. How! *Asambeg and Mustapha descend.*
Are we betray'd?

Vitel. The better, I expected
A Turkish Faith.

Donn. Who am I that you dare this?
Tis I that doe command you to forbear
A touch of violence.

Aga. We already Madam
Haue satisfied your pleasure further then
Wee know to answere it.

Capi. Would we vvere vvell off,
We stand too far ingag'd I feare.

Donn. For vs?
We'll bring you safe off, who dares contradict
What is our pleasure? *Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.*

Asam. Spurne the dog to prison,
I'll answere you anon.

Vitel. What punishment
So ere I vndergoe, I am still a Christian. *Ex. with Vitel.*

Donn. What bold presumption's this? vnder what law
Am I to fall that set my foote vpon
Your Statutes and decrees?

Musta. The crime committed
Our Alcoran calls death.

Donn. Tush, vvho is heere
That is not *Amurabs* slaue, and so vnfit
To sit a iudge vpon his blood?

Asam. You haue lost
And sham'd the priueledge of it, rob'd me to
Of my soule, my vnderstanding to behold

H

Your

The Renegado.

Your base vnworthy fall, from your high vertue.

Donn. I doe appeale to *Amurah.*

Asam. We will offer

No violence to your person, till we know
His sacred pleasure, till when vnder gard
You shall continue heere.

Donusa. Shall?

Asam. I haue said it.

The Gard leades off Donusa.

Donn. We shall remember this.

Asam. It ill becomes

Such as are guilty to deliuer threats
Against the innocent. I could teare this flesh now,
But tis in vaine, nor must I talke but do:
Prouide a well made galley for Constantinople,
Such sad newes neuer came to our great Master;
As hee directs, we must proceed, and know
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Master, Boteswaine.

Master. He does begin to eate?

Botes. A little, Master,

But our best hope for his recovery, is that
His raving leaues him, and those dreadfull words,
Damnation, and despayre, with which he euer
Ended all his discourtes are forgotten.

Maſt. This stranger is a most religious man sure,
And I am doubtfull whether his charity,
In the relieuing of our wants, or care
To cure the wounded conscience of *Grimaldi,*

Deserues

The Renegado.

Deserues more admiration.

Botes. Can you guesse
What the reason should be that we neuer mention
The Church, or the high Altar, but his melancholic
Growes, and increaseth on him?

Maist. I haue heard him
(When he gloried to professe himselfe an Atheist,)
Talke often and with much delight and boasting,
Of a rude prancke he did ere he turn'd Pirat,
The memory of which, as it appears,
Lies heauy on him.

Botes. Pray you let me vnderstand it.

Maist. Vpon a solemne day when the whole City
Ioynd in deuotion, and with barefoote steps
Pass'd to S. *Markes*, the Duke and the whole Signiory,
Helping to perfit the Religious pompe,
With which they were receaued; when all men else
Were full of teares, and gron'd beneath the waight
Of past offences (of whose heauy burden
They came to be absolu'd and freed,) our Captaine,
Whether in scorne of those so pious rites
He had no feeling of, or else drawne to it
Out of a wanton irreligious madnesse,
(I know not which) ranne to the holy man,
As he was of doing the worke of grace,
And snatching from his hands the sanctifide meanes
Dash'd it vpon the pavement.

Botes. How escaped he?
It being a deede deseruing death with torture.

Maist. The generall amazement of the people
Gaued him leaue to quit the Temple, and a Gundelo
(Prepar'd it seemes before) brought him aboard,
Since which he nere saw Venice. The remembrance
Of this, it seemes, torments him; aggravated
With a strong beleefe he cannot receaue pardon
For this fowle fact, but from his hands against whom
It was committed.

The Renegado.

Botes. And vvhat course intendes
His heauenly Physitian, reuerend *Francisco*,
To beate downe this opinion.

Mast. He promis'd
To vse some holy and religious finenesse,
To this good end, and in the meane time charg'd me
To keepe him darke, and to admit no visitants
But on no termes to crosse him. Heere he comes.

*Enter Grimaldi, With
a Booke.*

Gri. For theft ! he that restores trebble the value,
Makes satisfaction, and for want of meanes
To doe so, as a slaue must serue it out
Till he hath made full payment. Ther's hope left heere
O vvith vvhat vvil ingnesse vvould I giue vp
My liberty to those that I haue pillag'd
And vvish the numbers of my yeeres though wasted
In the most fordid slavery might equall
The rapines I haue made, till with one voyce
My patient sufferings, might exact from my
Most cruell creditors, a full remission,
An eies losse with an eie, limbs with a limb,
A sad accompt ! yet to finde peace within heere,
Though all such as I haue maim'd, and dismembred
In drunken quarrells, or orecome with rage
When they were giu'n vp to my power, stood heere now
And cride for restitution ; to appease 'em,
I vvould doe a bloody iustice on my selfe ;
Pull out these eies that guided me to raiuish
Their sight from others ; lop these legs that bore me
To barbarous violence, with this hand cut off
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me
But this poore bleeding limbleffe truncke, which gladly
I would

The Renegado.

I would diuide among them.
Ha ! what thinke I
Of petty forfeitures, in this reuerend habit,
(All that I am turnd into eies) I looke on
A deede of mine so fiendlike, that repentance,
Though with my teares I taught the sea new tides,
Can neuer wash off; all my thefts, my rapes
Are veniall trespasses compar'd to what
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too
Where I stood bound to kneele to't. *Kneeles*

*Enter Francisco in a Cope
like a Bishop.*

Fran. Tis forgiuen,
I with his tongue (whom in these sacred vestments
With impure hands thou didst offend) pronounce it,
I bring peace to thee, see that thou deserue it
In thy fayre life heereafter.

Gri. Can it bee!
Dare I belecue this vision, or hope
A pardon ere may finde me?

Fran. Purchase it
By zealous vndertakings, and no more
T'will be remembred.

Gri. What celestiaall balme
I feele now pour'd into my wounded conscience?
What penance is there Ile not vndergoe
Though nere so sharpe and rugged, with more pleasure
Then flesh and blood ere tasted, shew me true sorrow,
Arm'd vvith an iron vvhip, and I vvill meete
The stripes she brings along vvith her, as if
They vv ere the gentle touches of a hand,
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeeme me?
I vvill rise vp a vvonder to the vvorld,
When I haue giuen strong proofes how I am alfred,
I that

The Renegado.

I that haue sold such as profest the Faith,
That I was borne in, to captiuitie,
Will make their number equall, that I shall
Deliuier from the oare; and vvinne as many
By the cleerenesse of my actions, to looke on
Their misbeleefe, and loth it. I will be
A conuoy for all Marchants: and thought vvorthy
To be reported to the vvorld heereafter,
The child of your deuotion, nurs'd vp
And made strong by your charity, to breake through
All dangers Hell can bring foorth to oppose me;
Nor am I though my fortunes were thought desperate,
Now you haue reconcil'd me to my selfe,
So voyd of vvorldly meanes, but in despight
Of the proud Viceroyes, vvronges I can doe something
To vvittnesse of my change; when you please trye me,
And I will perfit vvhat you shall inioyne me,
Or fall a ioyfull Martyr.

Fran. You vvill reape
The comfort of it, liue yet vndiscouer'd,
And vvith your holy meditations strengthen
Your Christian resolution, ere long
You shall heare further from me.

Grimal. I'll attend *Exit Francisco.*
All your commands with patience; come my Mates,
I hitherto haue liu'd an ill example,
And as your Captaine lead you on to mischief,
But now vvill truly labour, that good men
May say heereafter of me to my glory,
Let but my power and meanes, hande vvith my vvill,
His good endeoures, did waigh downe his ill.

Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine.

Enter Francisco.
Fran. This penitence is not counterfeit, how soeuer
Good actions are in themselves rewarded,
My traiailes to meete vvith a double crowne,
If that *Vatell's* come off safe, and prooue

Himselfe

The Renegado.

Himselfe the Master of his vvilde affections,
O I shall haue intelligence, how now *Gazet*,
Why these sad lookes and teares?

Enter Gaz.

Gaz. Teares sir? I haue lost
My worthy Master, your rich heyre seemes to mourne for
A miserable father, your young vvidow
Following a bedrid husband to his graue,
Would haue her neighbours thinke she cries, and rores,
That she must part vvith such a goodman doe nothing,
When t'is because he stayer so long aboue ground,
And hinders a rich suitor: all is come out sir,
We are smok'd for being cunnicatchers, my master
Is put in prison, his she customer
Is vnder garde to, these are things to weepe for;
But mine owne losse considerd, and vvhat a fortune
I haue, as they say, snatch'd out of my chops,
Would make a man runne mad.

Fran. I scarce haue leasure,
I am so wholly taken vp vvith sorrow,
For my lou'de pupill to enquire thy fate,
Yet I vvill heare it.

Gaz. Why sir, I had bought a place,
A place of credit to, and had gone through with it
I should haue beene made an Eunuch, there was honour,
For a late poore prentice, when ypon the suddaine
There was such a hurleburley in the Court,
That I was glad to runne away and carry
The price of my office with me.

Fran. Is that all?
You haue made a sauing voyage; we must thinke now,
Though not to free, to comfort sad *Uitelli*,
My greeu'd loule suffers for him.

Gazet. I am sad too;
But had I beene an Eunuch

Fran. Thinkenot on it.

Exeunt.

Allus

The Renegado.

Actus Quartus, Scena Secunda.

*Enter Asambeg. unlocks the doore,
leades forth Paulina.*

Asam. Be your owne gard; obsequiousnesse, and seruice
Shall winne you to be mine. Of all restraint
For euer take your leaue, no threats shall awe you,
No iealous doubts of mine disturbe your freedome,
No fee'd spies, wayte vpon your steps, your vertue
And due consideration in your selfe,
Of what is Noble, are the faithfull helps
I leaue you as supporters to defend you,
From falling basely.

Paul. This is vvondrous strange
Whence flowes this alteration?

Asam. From true iudgement,
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,
Hemde in vvith vvalls of brasse, stricte gards, high birth,
The forfeiture of Honour, nor the feare
Of infamie, or punishment, can stay
A woman flaude to appetite from being
False, and vnworthy.

Paul. You are growne Satyricall
Against our sex, vvhy sir I durst produce
My selfe in our defence, and from you challenge
A testimony not to be deni'd,
All fall not vnder this vnequall censure,
I that haue stood your flatteries, your threats
Bore vp against your fierce temptations; scorn'd
The cruell meanes you practis'd to supplant me,
Hauing no armes to helpe me, to hold out
But loue of piety, and constant goodnesse,
If you are vnconfirm'd, dare againe bouldly

Enter

The Renegado.

Enter into the lists, and combat vwith
All opposites mans malice can bring forth
To shake me in my chastetic built vpon
The rocke of my religion.

Asam. I doe vvish
I could belecue you, but vvhen I shall shew you
A most incredible example of
Your frayletie in a Princeesse, su'de and sought to
By men of worth, of ranck, of eminence; courted
By happinesse it selfe, and her cold temper
Approou'd by many yeeres; yet she to fall,
Fall from her selfe, her glories, nay her safet,
Into a gulse of shame, and blacke despayre,
I thinke you'll doubt your selfe, or in beholding
Her punishment for euer be deterde
From yeelding basely.

Paul. I vvould see this vvonder;
Tis sir my first petition.

Asam. And thus granted;
Aboue you shall obserue all. *Paul. steps aside. Enter Must.*

Must. Sir I fought you
And must relate a vvonder, since I studied
And knew vvhat man vvvas, I vvvas neuer vvitnessse
Of such inuincible fortitude as this Christian
Showes in his sufferings, all the torments that
We could present him vvith to fright his constancy
Confirm'd, not shooke it; and those heavy chaines
That eate into his flesh, appear'd to him
Like bracelets made of some lou'd mistresse hayres
We kisse in the remembrance of her fauours.
I am strangely taken vvith it, and haue lost
Much of my furie.

Asam. Had he suffer'd poorely
It had call'd on my contempt, but manly patience
And all commanding vertue, wins vpon
An enemy. I shall thinke vpon him, ha' *Enter Aga With*
So soone return'd? this speede pleads in excuse *a black box.*

The Renegado.

Of your late fault, which I no more remember.
What's the grand Signiors pleasure?

Aga. Tis inclos'd heere
The box to, that contaynes it, may informe you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head
She must haue a speedy triall.

Asam. Bring her in
In blacke as to her funerall, tis the colour
Her fault wils her to weare, and which, in iustice
I dare not pittie, sit and take your place,
Howeuer in her life she has degenerated
May she die nobly, and in that confirme
Her greatnesse, and high blood.

*A solemne musicque. A garde. The Aga, and Capi-
aga, leading in Donna in blacke, her trayne borne
up by Carazie, and Manto.*

Musta. I now could melt;
But soft compassion leaue me.

Fran. I am affrighted
With this dismall preparation. Should the enioying
Of loose desires finde euer such conclusions,
All Women would be Vestalls.

Donn. That you cloth me
In this sad liuery of death, assures me
Your sentence is gone out before, and I
To late am cald, for, in my guilty cause
To vse qualification, or excuse —
Yet must I not part so with mine owne strengths,
But borrow from my modesty boldnesse, to
Enquire by whose authority you sit
My iudges, and whose warrant digs my graue
In the frownes you dart against my life?

Asam. See heere
This fatall signe, and warrant this brought to

The Renegado.

A Generall fighting in the head of his
Victorious troopes, rauishes from his hand
His eu'n then conquering sword; this showne vnto
The Sultans brothers, or his sonnes, deliuers
His deadly anger, and all hopes lay'd by
Commands them to prepare themselues for heauen.
Which would stand with the quiet of your soule
To thinke vpon, and imitate.

Donusa. Giue me leaue
A little to complayne, first of the hard
Condition of my fortune, which may moue you
Though not to rise vp intercessors for me
(Yet in remembrance of my former life,
This being the first spot, tainting mine honor)
To be the meanes to bring me to his presence;
And thou I doubt not, but I could alleage
Such reasons in mine owne defence, or pleade
So humbly (my teares helpinge) that it should
Awake his sleeping pittie.

Asan. Tis in vayne.
If you haue ought to say you shall haue hearing,
And in me thinke him present.

Donusa. I would thus then
First kneele, and kisse his feete, and after tell him
How long I had beene his darling, what delight
My infant yeeres afforded him; how deere
Hee prizde his sister, in both bloods, my mother;
That she like him had frailty, that to me
Descends as an inheritance, then coniure him
By her blest ashes, and his fathers soule,
The sword that rides vpon his thigh, his right hand
Holding the Scepter and the Ottoman fortune,
To haue compassion on me.

Asan. But suppose
(As I am sure) he would be deafe, what then
Could you inferre?

Donusa. I then would thus rise vp,

The Renegado.

And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,
A most voluptuous, and insatiable Epicure
In his owne pleasures : which he hugs so deerely,
As proper, and peculiar to himselfe,
That he denies a moderate lawfull vse
Of all delight to others. And to thee
Vnequall iudge I speake as much, and charge thee
But with impartiall eies to looke into
Thy selfe, and then consider with what iustice
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Vnkind nature,
To make weake women seruants, proud men Masters
Indulgent *Mahomet*, doe thy bloudy lawes
Call my embraces vwith a Christian, death?
Hauing my heate and May of youth to pleade
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish
These that vwith scorne breake throgth thy Cobweb edicts
And laugh at thy decrees? to tame their lusts
There's no religious bit, let her be fayre
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moore,
Idolatreffe, Turke, or Christian, you are priueledg'd
And freely may enioy her. At this instant
I know, vniust man, thou hast in thy power
A louely Christian Virgin; thy offence
Equall, if not transcending mine, vvhy then
We being both guilty doest thou not descend
From that vsurp'd Tribunall and vvith me
Walke hand in hand to death?

Asam. She raues, and vve
Loose time to heare her : reade the Law,

Donnsa. Doe, doe,
I stand resolu'd to suffer.

Asa. If any Virgin of what degree or quality soeuer,
borne a naturall Turke, shall bee conuicted of corporall
loosenesse, and incontinence, with any Christian, she is by
the decree of our great Prophet *Mahomet* to loose her
head.

Asam. Marke that, then taxe our iustice.

Agas.

The Renegado.

Aga. Ever provided that if shee, the sayd offender, by any reasons, arguments or perswasion, can win and preuaile with the sayd Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soule to the *Mahometan* sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace and punishment whatseuer.

Donn. I lay hold on that clause and challenge from you The priueledge of the Law.

Musta. What will you doe?

Donn. Grant me access and meanes, I'll vndertake To turne this Christian Turke, and marry him : This triall you cannot denie.

Must. O base !
Can feare to die make you descend so low
From your high birth, and brand the *Ottaman* line
With such a marke of infamy?

Asam. This is worse
Then the parting with your honour, better suffer
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to haue
A place in our great Prophets Paradice,
Then haue an acte to after times remembred
So foule as this is.

Musta. Cheere your spirits Madam,
To die is nothing, tis but parting with
A mountaine of vexations.

Asam. Thinke of your honour ;
In dying nobly you make satisfaction
For your offence, and you shall liue a story
Of bould Heroicke courage.

Donn. You shall not foole me
Out of my life, I claime the Law and sue for
A speedy triall ; if I fayle, you may
Determine of me as you please.

Asam. Base woman !
But vlt thy wayes, and see thou prosper in 'em
For if thou fall againe into my power
Thou shalt in vaine after a thousand tortures

The Renegado.

Cry out, for death, that death which now thou fliest from
Unloose the prisoners chaynes, goe leade her on
To try the Magique of her tongue; I follow:
I am on the racke, descend my best *Paulina*.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

Enter Franciso, Iaylor.

Fran. I come not empty handed, I will purchase
Your fauour at what rate you please. There's gold.

Iaylor, Tis the best oratory. I will hazard
A checke for your content below there?

Vitelli, Welcome.

Vitelli under the Stage.

Art thou the happy messenger that brings me
Newes of my death?

Iay. Your hand.

Vitelli plack'd up.

Fran. Now if you please,
A little priuacie.

Iay. You haue bought it sir,
Enioy it freely.

Exit Iaylor.

Fran. O my deereft pupill,
Witnesse these teares of ioy, I neuer saw you
Till now looke louely; nor durst I ere glory
In the mind of any man I had built vp
With the hands of vertuous, and religious precepts,
Till this glad minute. Now you haue made good
My expectation of you. By my order,
All Roman *Cesars*, that ledde kings in chaynes
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if
Compar'd with that true glory, and full luster
You now appeare in, all their boasted honors
Purchas'd with blood, and wrong, would loose their names
And be no more remembered.

Vitelli, This applause

Confirm'd

The Renegado.

Confirm'd in your allowance ioyes me more,
Then if a thousand full cram'd Theaters
Should clap their eager hands to witnesse that
The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.
But these are (father) but beginnings, not
The ends of my high aimes. I grant to haue master'd
The rebell appetite of flesh and blood
Was far about my strength; and still owe for it
To that great power that lent it. But when I
Shall make't apparant, the grimme lookes of death
Affright me not, and that I can put off
The fonde desire of life (that like a garment
Couers, and clothes our frailty) hastening to
My Martirdome, as to a heavenly banquet,
To which I was a choyce invited guest.
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough
Or trust the barren, and vngratefull lands
With the fruitfull graine of your religious counsels.

Fran. You doe instruct your teacher. Let the Sun
Of your cleere life (that lends to good men light)
But set as gloriously, as it did rise,
Though sometimes clouded) you may write *nil ultra*
To humane wishes.

Vitel. I haue almost gain'd
The end of the race, and will not faynt, or tire now.

Enter Aga and Iaylor.

Aga. Sir by your leaue (nay stay not) I bring comfort;
The Viceroy taken with the constant bearing
Of your afflictions, and presuming to
You will not change your temper, does command
Your irons should be tane off. Now arme your selfe
With your olde resolution, suddenly *the chayne taken off.*
You shall be visited, you must leaue the roome to
And doe it without reply.

Fran. There's no contending,
Bee still thy selfe my sonne. *Exit Francisco.*

Vitel. Tis not in man *Enter Donu. Asam. Musta. Paul.*

To

The Renegado.

To change or alter me.

Paul. Wh in doe I looke on?
My brother? tis he! but no more my tongue,
Thou wilt betray all.

Asam. Let vs heare this temptresse,
The fellow lookes as he would stop his eares
Against her powerfull spels.

Paul. He is vndone else.

Vitel. I'll stand th' incounter, charge me home.

Donn. I come sir, *bowes her selfe.*

A begger to you, and doubt not to finde
A good mans charity, which if you denie,
You are cruell to your selfe, a crime, a wiseman
(And such I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of, nor let it find lesse welcome
Though I (a creature you contemne) now shew you
The way to certaine happinesse, nor thinke it
Imaginarie, or phantasticall,
And so not vworth th' acquiring, in respect
The passage to it is nor rough nor thornie;
No steepe hills in the way which you must climbe vp;
No monsters to be conquer'd; no enchantments
To be dissolu'd by counter charmes, before
You take possession of it.

Vitel. What strong poyson
Is wrap'd vp in these sugred pills?

Donn. My suite is
That you vwould quit your shoulders of a burthen
Vnder vvwhose ponderous vvaight you vvilfully
Haue too long groan'd, to cast those fetters off, (dome
With vvwhich vvith your own hands you chaine your free-
Forlake a seuerer, nay imperious mistresse,
Whose seruice does exact perpetuall cares,
Watchings, and troubles, and giue entertainment
To one that courts you, whose least fauours are
Variety, and choyce of all delights
Mankind is capable of.

Vitelli.

The Renegado.

Vitel. You speake in riddles.
What burthen, or what mistrisse? or what fetters?
Are those you poynt at?

Donn. Thole which your religion,
The mistresse you too long haue seru'd, compells you
To beare with slaue-like patience.

Vitel. Ha!

Paul. How brauely
That vertuous anger showes!

Donn. Be wise, and waigh
The prosperous successe of things, if blessings
Are donatiues from Heauen (which you must grant
Were blasphemy to question) and that
They are call'd downe, and powr'd on such as are
Most gracious with the great disposer of 'em,
Looke on our flourishing Empire; if the splendor,
The Maiestie, and glory of it dimme not
Your feeble sight; and then turne backe, and see
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poore remnant
Rent in as many factions, and opinions,
As you haue petty kingdoms, and then if
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,
You must confesse the Deity you worship
Wants care, or power to helpe you.

Paul. Hold out now
And then thou art victorious.

Asam. How he cies her!

Musta. As if he would looke through her

Asam. His eyes flame too,
As threatning violence.

Vitel. But that I know
The Diuell thy Tutor fills each part about thee,
And that I cannot play the exorcist
To dispossesse thee, vnlesse I should teare
Thy body limbe by limbe, and throw it to
The furies that expect it, I would now
Plucke out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphem'd

K

That

The Renegado.

That great omnipotency at whose nod
The fabricke of the World shakes. Dare you bring
Your iugling Prophet in comparison with
That most inscrutable, and infinite essence
That made this all, and comprehends his vvorke?
The place is too prophane to mention him
Whose onely name is sacred. O *Donusa!*
How much in my compassion I suffer,
That thou, on whom this most excellling forme
And faculties of discourse, beyond a vvoman,
Were by his liberall giuft confer'd, should'st still
Remaine in ignorance of him that gaue it?
I vvill not foule my mouth to speake the Sorceries
Of your seducer, his base birth, his vvhoredomes,
His strange impostures; nor deliuer how
He taught a Pigeon to feede in his eare,
Then made his credulous followers belecue
It vvas an Angell that instructed him
In the framing of his Alcoran. Pray you marke me.

Asam. These words are death, were he in nought else
Vitelli. Your intent to winne me (guilty.

To be of your beleefe proceeded from
Your feare to die. Can there be strength in that
Religion, that suffers vs to tremble
At that vvwhich euery day, nay hower vvee hast to?

Donu. This is vnanswerable and there's something tells
I erre in my opinion. (mee

Vitelli. Cherish it

It is a Heauenly prompter, entertaine
This holy motion, and weare on your forehead
The Sacred badge he armes His seruants vvith,
You shall, like mee, vvith scorne looke downe vpon
All engines tyranny can aduance to batter
Your constant resolution. Then you shall
Looke trueiy sayre, vvhen your minds pureness answers
Your outward beauties.

Donusa. I came heere to take you,

But

The Renegado.

But I perceiue a yeelding in my selfe
To be your prisoner.

Vitelli, Tis an ouerthrow
That will outshine all victories. O *Donusa*,
Dye in my faith like me, and tis a marriage
At vvhich celestiaall Angels shall be vvaiters,
And such as haue beene Sainted vvelcome vs,
Are you confirm'd?

Donn. I vvould bee; but the meanes
That may assure mee?

Vitelli, Heauen is mercifull,
And vvill not suffer you to vvant a man,
To doe that sacred office, build vpon it.

Donn. Then thus I spit at *Mahomet*.

Asam Stoppe her mouth:
In death to turne Apostata! I'll not heare
One sillable from any; wretched creature:
With the next rising Sunne prepare to die.
Yet Christian, in reward of thy braue courage,
Bee thy faith right, or vvrong, receiue this fauour.
In person Ile attend thee to thy death,
And bouldly challenge all that I can giue
But what's not in my grant, which is to liue. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

Fran. You are wondrous braue, and iocound:

Vitelli. Welcome Father.

Should I spare cost, or not weare cheerefull looks
Vpon my wedding day, it were omenous
And shew'd I did repent it, which I dare not,
It being a marriage, howsoeuer sad

The Renegado.

In the first ceremonies that confirme it,
That will for euer arme me against feares,
Repentance, doubts, or iealousies, and bring
Perpetuall comforts, peace of minde, and quiet
To the glad couple.

Fran. I well vnderstand you;
And my full ioy to see you so resolu'd
Weake words cannot expresse. What is the howre
Design'd for this solemnity?

Vitel. The sixth,
Something before the setting of the Sun
We take our last leaue of his fading light,
And with our soules eies seeke for beames eternall,
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much
Perplex'd, and troubl'd, which I know you can
Resolue me of.

Fran. What is't?

Vitelli. This sir, my Bride
Whom I first courted, and then wonne (not with
Looselayers, poore flatteries, apish complements,
But Sacred, and Religious zeal) yet wants
The holy badge that should proclaime her fit
For these Celestiall Nuptials; vvilling she is,
I know, to weare it, as the choicest iewell
On her fayre forehead; but to you, that well
Could doe that vvorke of Grace, I know the Viceroy
Will neuer grant access. Now in a case
Of this necessity, I vvould gladly learne,
Whether in me a layman, vvithout orders,
It may not be religious, and lawfull
As vve goe to our deaths to doe that office?

Fran. A question in it selfe, vvith much ease answer'd;
Midwives vpon necessity performe it,
And Knights that in the holy-Land fought for
The freedome of Hierusalem, vvhen full
Of sweat, and enemies blood, haue made their Helmets
The fount, out of vvich vvith their holy hands.

They

The Renegado.

They drew that heavenly liquor, 't vvas approu'd then
By the Holy Church, nor must I thinke it now
In you a vvorke lesse pious.

Vitel. You confirme me,
I vvill find a way to doe it. In the meane time
Your holy vowes assist me.

Fran. They shall euer
Be present vvith you.

Vitel. You shall see me act
This last Scæne to the life.

Fran. And though now fall,
Rise a bles'd Martyr.

Vitel. That's my end, my all.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine, Saylor.

Botes. Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
Neuer expect the like.

Mastr. With as much ease now
We may steale the ship out of the harbor, Captaine,
As euer Gallants in a vvanton brauery
Haue set vpon a drunken Constable,
And bore him from a sleepy ruggown'd vvatch:
Be therefore vvise.

Gri. I must be honest too
And you shall weare that shape, you shall obserue me,
If that you purpose to continue mine,
Thinke you ingratitude can be the parent
To our vnfayn'd repentance? doe I owe
A peace vvithin heere, Kingdoms could not purchase,
To my religious creditor, to leaue him
Open to danger, the great benefit
Neuer remembred? no, though in her bottome.
We could stow vp the tribute of the Turke,

The Renegado.

Nay, grant the passage safe too : I will neuer
Consent to waigh an Anchor vp, till hee,
That onely must, commands it.

Botsw. This Religion
Will keepe vs slaues and Beggars.

Mast. The Fiend prompts me
To change my coppy : Plague vpon't, we are Seamen,
What haue we to doe with't, but for a snatch, or so,
At the end of a long Lent ?

Botsw. Mum, see who is here? *Enter Francisco.*

Grim. My Father !

Fran. My good conuert. I am full
Of serious businesse which denies me leaue
To holde long conference with you : Onely thus much
Briefely receiue ; a day, or two, at the most
Shall make me fit to take my leaue of Tunis,
Or giue me lost for euer.

Grim. Dayes, nor yeares,
Prouided, that my stay may doe you seruice,
But to me shall be minuits.

Fran. I much thanke you :
In this small scrole you may in priuate reade
What my intents are, and as they growe ripe
I will instruct you further. In the meane time
Borrow your late distracted lookes, and gesture ;
The more dejected you appeare, the lesse
The Viceroy must suspect you.

Grim. I am nothing,
But what you please to haue me be.

Fran. Farewell sir,
Be cheerefull Master, something we will doe
That shall reward it selfe in the performance,
And that's true prize indeede.

Mast. I am obedient.

Exeunt Grimaldi.

Botsw. And I, there's no contending. *Mast. Botsw.*

Fran. Peace to you all.
Prosper thou great Existence my endeauours,

As

The Renegado.

As they religiously are vndertaken,
And distant equally from seruile gaine, *Enter Paul. Carzi.*
Or glorious ostentation. I am heard *and Manto.*
In this blest opportunity, which in vaine
I long haue waited for. I must show my selfe.
O she has found me. Now if she prooue right
All hope will not forsake vs.

Paul. Farther off,
And in that distance know your duties too.
You were bestowed on me as slaues to serue me
And not as spies to prie into my actions,
And after to betray me. You shall finde
If any looke of mine be vnobseru'd,
I am not ignorant of a mistresse power,
And from whom I receiue it.

Cara. Note this, *Manto.*
The pride, and scorne, with which she entertaynes vs
Now we are made hers by the Viceroyes guift.
Our sweete condition'd princeesse, fayre *Donusa,*
Rest in her death waite on her, neuer vs'd vs
With such contempt. I would he had sent me
To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gaue me
To this proude little diuell.

Manto. I expect
All tyrannous vsage, but I must be patient;
And thought tentimes a day, she teares these locks,
Or makes this face her footstoole, tis but iustice.

Paul. Tis a true story of my fortunes, father,
My chastity preseru'd by miracle,
Or your deuotions for me; and belecue it,
What outward pride so ere I counterfeite,
Or state to these appoynted to attend me,
I am not in my disposition alter'd,
But still your humble daughter and share with you
In my poore brothers sufferings, all helst torments
Reuenge it on accurs'd *Grimaldes* soule
That in his rape of me gaue a beginning

To

The Renegado.

Fran.

To all the miseries that since haue follow'd
Be charitable, and forgiue him gentle daughter;
Hee's a chang'd man, and may redeeme his fault
In his faire life heereafter. You must beare too
Your forc'd captiuitie (for tis no better,
Though you weare golden fetters) and of him,
Whom death affrights not, learne to hold out nobly.

Paul. You are still the same good counsellor.

Fran. And who knowes

(Since w^h at aboue is purpos'd, is inscrutable)
But that the Viceroyes extreme dotage on you
May be the parent of a happier birth
Then yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference
May prooue vn'afe for you, and me, howeuer
Perhaps for triall he allowes you freedome. *deliuer a*
From this learne therefore what you must attempt, *paper.*
Though with the hazarde of your selfe, heauen gard you,
And giue *Vitelli* patience, then I doubt not
But he will haue a glorious day since some
Hold truely, such as suffer, ouercome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Tertia.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. What we commanded, see perform'd, and fayle not
In all things to be punctuall.

Aga. We shall sir.

Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.

Must. Tis strange that you should vse such circumstance
To a delinquent of so meane condition.

Asam. Had he appear'd in a more sordid shape
Then disguis'd greatenes euer dain'd to maske in,
The gallant bearing of his present fortune
A loud proclaimes him noble.

Musta If you doubt him,
To be a man built vp for great imployments,

And

The Renegado.

And as a cunning spie sent to explore
The Cities strength, or weakenesse, you by torture
May force him to discouer it.

Asam. That were base;
Nor dare I doe such iniury to Vertue
And bold assured courage, neither can I
Be wonne to thinke, but if I should attempt it,
I shoote against the Moone. He that hath stood
The roughest battery, that captiuitie
Could euer bring to shake a constant temper,
Despis'd the fawnings of a future greatnesse,
By beauty in her full perfection tender'd;
That heares of death as of a quiet slumber,
And from the surpluse of his owne firmenesse
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure
A feeble woman; vwill now, *Mustapha*
Be alter'd in his soule for any torments
We can afflict his body vvith?

Musta. Doe your pleasure,
I only offer'd you a friends aduice,
But vvithout gall, or enuy to the man
That is to suffer. But vvhat doe you determine
Of poore *Grimaldi*? the disgrace cal'd on him
I heere has ran him madde.

Asam. There waigh the difference
In the true temper of their minds. The one,
A Pirat sould to mischiefes, rapes, and all
That make a slaue relentlesse, and obdurate;
Yet of himselfe vvanting the inward strengths
That should defend him, sinckes beneath compassion
Or pittie of a man; vvhere as this marchant,
Acquainted only vvith a ciuill life,
Arm'd in himselfe; intrench'd, and fortifide
With his owne vertue, valewing life and death,
At the same price, poorely does not inuite
A fauour, but commands vs doe him right,
Which vnto him, and her (we both once honour'd

The Renegado.

As a iust debt I gladly pay'm ; they enter,
Now sit wee equall hearers.

A dreadfull musicke, at one doore ;

*The Aga, Ianizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, Gazet : at the other,
Donusa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.*

Musta. I shall heare

And see, sir, without passion, my wrongs arme me.

Vitel. A ioyfull preparation ! To whose bountie
Owe vvee our thanks for gracing thus our H imen ?
The notes though dreadfull to the eare, sound heere
As our *Epithalamium* were fung
By a Cælestjall quire, and a full *Chorus*
Assurde vs future happinesse. These that leade me
Gaze not with wanton eyes vpon my bride,
Nor for their seruice are repayde by me
With ieaiousies, or feares ; nor doe they enuy
My passage to those pleasures from which death
Cannot deterre me. Great sir pardon me ;
Imagination of the ioyes I haste to,
Made me forget my duty, but the forme
And ceremony past, I will attend you,
And with our constant resolution feast you,
Not with course cates, forgot assoone as tasted,
But such as shall, while you haue memory,
Be pleasing to the palate.

Fran. Bee not lost

In what you purpose.

Exit Francisco.

Gaz. Call you this a marriage ?
It differs little from hanging, I cry at it.

Vite. See where my bride appeares ! in what full luster ?
As if the Virgins that beare vp her trayne,
Had long contended to receiue an honor
Aboue their births, in doing her this seruice.
Nor comes she fearefull to meete those delights,
Which once past ore, immortall pleasures follow.
I need not therefore comfort, or encourage

Her

The Renegado.

Her forward steps, and I should offer wrong
To her minds fortitude, should I but aske
How she can brooke the rough high going Sea,
Ouer whose foamie backe our shippe well rig'd
With hope and strong assurance must transport vs.
Nor will I tell her when we reach the Hauen
(Which tempests shall not hinder) what loud vvelcome
Shall entertaine vs; nor commend the place,
To tell vv hose least perfection vvould strike dumbe
The eloquence of all boasted in story,
Though ioynd together.

Donn. Tis enough my dearest;
I dare not doubt you, as your humble shadow
Leade vvhere you please, I follow.

Vitelli. One suite sir,
And vvillingly I cease to be a begger,
And that you may vvith more security heare it,
Know tis not life Ile aske, nor to deferre
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

Asam. Speake, tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our latest leaue
And growne of one beleefe, I doe desire
I may haue your allowance to performe it
But in the fashion vvich vve Christians vse
Vpon the like occasions.

Asam. Tis allow'd of.

Vitel. My seruice; haste *Gazet* to the next spring,
And bring me of it.

Gazet. Would I could aswell
Fetch you a pardon, I vvould not run but flie,
And be heere in a moment.

Musta. What's the mystery
Of this? discouer it?

Vitel. Great sir, I'll tell you,
Each countrey hath it's owne peculiar rites,
Some vvhen they are to die drinke store of vvine,
Which powr'd in liberally does oft beget

The Renegado.

A bastarde valour, with which armde, they beare
The not to bee declined charge of death
With lesse feare, and astonishment; Others take
Drugs to procure a heauie sleepe, that so
They may insensibly receiue the meanes
That casts them in an euerlasting slumber;
Others——O welcome.

Enter Gazet With Water.

Vitell. Now the vse of yours?
The cleerenesse of this is a perfit signe
Of innocence, and as this washes off
Staines, and pollutions from the things we vveare,
Throwne thus vpon the forehead, it hath power
To purge those spots that cleue vpon the minde, (*Throws*
If thankfully receiu'd. *it on her face.*

Asam. Tis a strange custome!

Vitel. How doe you entertaine it my *Donna*?
Feele you no alteration? No new motiues?
No vnexpected ayds that may confirme you
In that to which you were inclinde before?

Donn. I am an other woman, till this minute
I neuer liu'de, nor durst thinke how to dye.
How long haue I beene blinde? Yet on the suddaine,
By this blest meanes I feele the filmes of error
Tane from my foules eyes. O diuine *Physician*,
That hast bestowde a sight on mee, which death,
Though readie to embrace me in his armes,
Cannot take from me. Let me kisse the hand
That did this miracle, and seale my thanks
Vpon those Lips from whence these sweet words vanishe
That freed me from the cruellest of prisons,
Blinde ignorance, and misbeliefe: false Prophet,
Impostor *Mahomet*.

Asam. I'll heare no more;
You doe abuse my fauors, seuer 'em:
Wretch if thou hadst another life to loose,
This Blasphemie deseru'de it, instantly
Carr y them to their deaths.

We

The Renegado.

Vitelli. Wee part now, blest one,
To meet hereafter in a Kingdome, where
Hells malice shall not reach vs.

Paul. Ha, ha, ha.

Asam. What meanes my Mistres?

Paul. Who can hold her spleene,
When such ridiculous follies are presented,
The Scene too made religion: O my Lord,
How from one cause two contrary effects
Spring vp vpon the suddaine.

Asam. This is strange.

Paul. That which hath foolde her in her death,
Winnes me, That hitherto haue barde my selfe from plea-
To liue in all delight. (sure,

Asam. There's Musicke in this.

Paul. I now will runn as fiercely to your armes
As euer longing woman did, borne high
On the swift wings of appetite.

Vitel. O Diuell!

Paul. Nay more, for there shall be no ods betwixt vs,
I will turne Turke.

Gazet. Most of your tribe doe so
When they beginne in whore.

Aside.

Asam. You are serious Ladie?

Paul. Serious? but satisfie me in a suite
That to the world may witnesse that I haue
Some power vpon you, and to morrow challenge
What euer's in my guift, for I will bee
At your dispose.

Gazet. That's euer the subscription
To a damn'd whores false Epistle.

(Aside)

Asam. Aske this hand,
Or if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt
Beyond my selfe with ioy, speake, speake, what is it?

Paul. But twelue short houres reprue for this base!

Asam. The reason, since you hate them? (couple.

Paul.

The Renegado.

Paul. That I may
Haue time to triumph ore this vvretched vvoman:
I'll be my selfe her guardian. I will feast,
Adorned in her choice and richest Iewells,
Commit him to vvhat gards you please. Grant this,
I am no more mine owne, but yours.

Asam. Enioy it;
Repine at it who dares: beare him safe off
To the blacke Tower, but giue him all things vsefull,
The contrary vvvas not in your request.

Paul. I doe contemne him.

Donn. Peace in death deny'd me?

Paul. Thou shalt not goe in liberty to thy graue,
For one night a Sultana is my slaue.

Musta. A terrible little tyrannesse.

Asam. No more;
Her vvill shall be a law. Till now nere happy. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena quarta.

Enter Francis. Grimal. Mast. Botsw. and Sayl.

Grim. Sir, all things are in readinesse, the Turkes
That seas'd vpon my Ship stow'd vnder hatches,
My men resolu'd, and cheerefull. Vse but meanes
To get out of the Ports, vve vvill be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (heauen be but pleas'd)
This for the Viceroyes fleete.

Fran. Discharge your parts,
In mine I'll not be vvanting; feare not *Master*,
Something vvill come along to fraught your Barke,
That you vvill haue iust cause to say you neuer
Made such a Voyage.

Mast. We will stand the hazard.

Fran. What's the best hower?

Botsw.

The Renegado.

Botes. After the second vwatch.

Fran. Enough; each to his charge.

Grim. We will be carefull.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scæna quinta.

Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, Manto.

Paul. Sit Madam, it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,
To which the sooner you will be invited,
When you shall vnderstand, no way was left me
To free you from a present execution,
But by my personating that, which neuer
My nature was acquainted with.

Donu. I belecue you.

Paul. You will when you shall vnderstand, I may
Receiue the honour to be knowen vnto you
By a neerer name. And not to wracke you further,
The man you please to fauour is my brother,
No Marchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the best ranke in Venice.

Donu. I reioyce in't
But what's this to his freedome? for my selfe,
Were he well off, I were secure.

Paul. I haue
A present meanes, not plotted by my selfe,
But a religious man, my confessor,
That may preferue all, if we had a seruant
Whose faith we might relie on.

Donu. She that's now
Your slaue was once mine, had I twenty liues
I durst commit them to her trust.

Manto. O Madam,

The Renegado.

I haue beene false, forgiue me. I'll redeeme it
By any thing howeuer desperate
You please to impose vpon me.

Paul. Troth these teares
I thinke cannot be counterfeit, I belecue her,
And if you please vwill try her.

Donusa. At your perill;
There is no further danger can looke towards me.

Paul. This only then, canst thou vse meanes to carry
This bakemeate to *Vitelli*?

Manto. With much ease,
I am familiar vvith the gard; beside,
It being knowne it vvas that betrayde,
My entrance hardly vwill of them be question'd?

Paul. About it then, say that it vvas sent to him
From his *Donusa*, bid him search the midst of't
He there shall finde a cordiall.

Manto. What I doe
Shall speake my care and faith.

Exe Manto.

Donu. Good fortune vvith thee.

Paul. You cannot eate.

Donu. The time vve thus abuse
We might imploy much better.

Paul. I am glad
To heare this from you. As for you *Carazie*,
If your intents doe prosper, make choyce whither
You'l steale away with your two Mistresses
Or take your fortune.

Cara. I'll be gelded twice first;
Hang him that stayes behind.

Paul. I waite you Madame,
Were but my brother off, by the command
Of the doting Viceroy there's no garde dare stay me.
And I will safely bring you to the place
Where we must expect him.

Donu. Heauen be gracious to vs.

Exe Donu.

Allus.

The Renegado.

Actus Quintus, Scena Sexta.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Garde.

Vitel. *Paulina* to fall off thus ? risto mee
More terrible then death, and like an earthquake
Totters this walking building (such I am)
And in my suddaine ruine would preuent,
By choaking vp at once my vitall spirits,
This pompous preparation for my death.
But I am lost; that good man, good *Francisco*
Deliuered me a paper which till now
I wanted leasure to peruse.

reads the paper.

Aga. This Chriltian
Feares not, it seemes, the neere approaching Sun
Whose second rise He neuer must salute. *Enter Manto.*

1. *Gard.* Who's that?

With the Bak't-meat.

2. *Gard.* Stand.

Aga. *Manto.*

Manto. Heere's the Viceroyes ring
Giues warrant to my entrance, yet you may
Partake of any thing I shall deliuer ;
Tis but a present to a dying man
Sent from the princeesse that must suffer with him.

Aga. Vse your owne freedome.

Manto. I would not disturbe
This his last contemplation.

Vitel. O tis well !

He has restor'd all, and I at peace againe
With my *Paulina*.

Manto. Sir, the sad *Donusa*
Griued for your sufferings, more then for her owne,
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage
You are to take, presents you with this cordiall,

M

Which

The Renegado.

Which priuately she wishes you should taste of,
And search the middle part, where you shall find
Something that hath the operation, to
Make death looke louely.

Vitelli. I will not dispute
What she commands but serue it.

Exit Vitelli.

Aga. Prethee *Manto*
How hath the vnfortunate Princes spent this night
Vnder her proud new mistresse?

Manto. With such patience
As it orecomes the others insolence
Nay triumphs ore her pride. My much hast now
Commands me hence, but the sad Tragedy past,
He giue you satisfaction to the full
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character
Of the proud Christians nature.

Exit Manto.

Aga. Breake the watch vp,
What should we feare in the midst of our owne strengths?
Tis but the Bashas ieaousie. Farewell souldiers. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna Septima.

Enter Vitelli, With the bak't-meates, Aboue.

Vitelli. There's something more in this then means to
A hungry appetite, which I must discouer. (cloy
Shee, will'd me search the midst. Thus, thus I pierce it:
Ha! what is this? a scrole bound vp in packthread?
What may the misterie be?

The Scrole.

Sonne, let downe this packethread, at the West win-
dow of the Castle. By it you shall draw vp a Ladder of
ropes, by which you may descend, your deereft *Donusa*
with the rest of your friends, below attend you. Heauen
prosper you.

Francisco.

O best of men! he that giues vp himselfe

The Renegado.

To a true religious friend, leanes not vpon
A false deceiuing reede, but boldly builds
Vpon a rocke, which now with ioy I finde
In reuerend *Francisco*. Whose good vowes,
Labors, and watchings in my hopd-for freedome
Appeare a pious miracle. I come,
I come, good man, with confidence, though the descent
Were steepe as heil, I know I cannot slide
Beeing cal'd downe, by such a faithfull guide. *Exit Vitelli.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Vltima.

Asambeg, Mustapha, Ianizaries.

Asam Excuse me *Mustapha*, though this night to me
Appeare as tedious as that treble one
Was to the world, when *Ioue* on faire *Alcmena*
Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter
Those rauishing pleasures, which the slow pac'd howres
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would
With your continued wishes strue to impe
New feathers to the broken wings of Time
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long dalliance
In *Thetis* watry bosome.

Musta. You are to violent
In your desires, of which you are yet vncertaine
Hauing no more assurance to enioy 'em
Then a weake womans promise, on vvhich vvise men
Faintely relye.

Asam. Tush she is made of truth
And vvhat she says she vvill doe, holds as firme *The*
As laws in brasse that know no change; vvhat's this? *chamber*
Some new prize broght in sure. Why are thy looks *shot off.*
So ghastly. Villaine speake. *Enter Aga.*

Aga. Great sir heare me

Then

The Renegado.

Then after kill me, vve are all betrayde,
The false *Grimaldi* luncke in your disgrace
With his confederates, haue seas'd his ship
And those that garded it stow'd vnder hatches
With him the condemn'd Princessse, and the Marchant
That vwith a ladder made of ropes descended
From the blacke Tower in which he was inclos'd,
And your fayre mistresse,

Asam. Ha!

Aga. With all their trayne
And choyfest iewels are gone safe aboard,
Their sayles spread forth and with a fore-gale
Leauing our cost, in scorne of all pursuite
As a farewell they shew'd a broad side to vs.

Asam. No more.

Muska. Now note your confidence.

Asam. No more.

O my credulity! I am too full
Of griefe, and rage to speake. Dull, heauy foole
Worthy of all the tortures that the frowne
Of thy incensed Master can throw on thee
Without one mans compassion, I will hide
This head among the desertts, or some caue
Fill'd with my shame and me, where I alone
May dye without a partner in my mone.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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